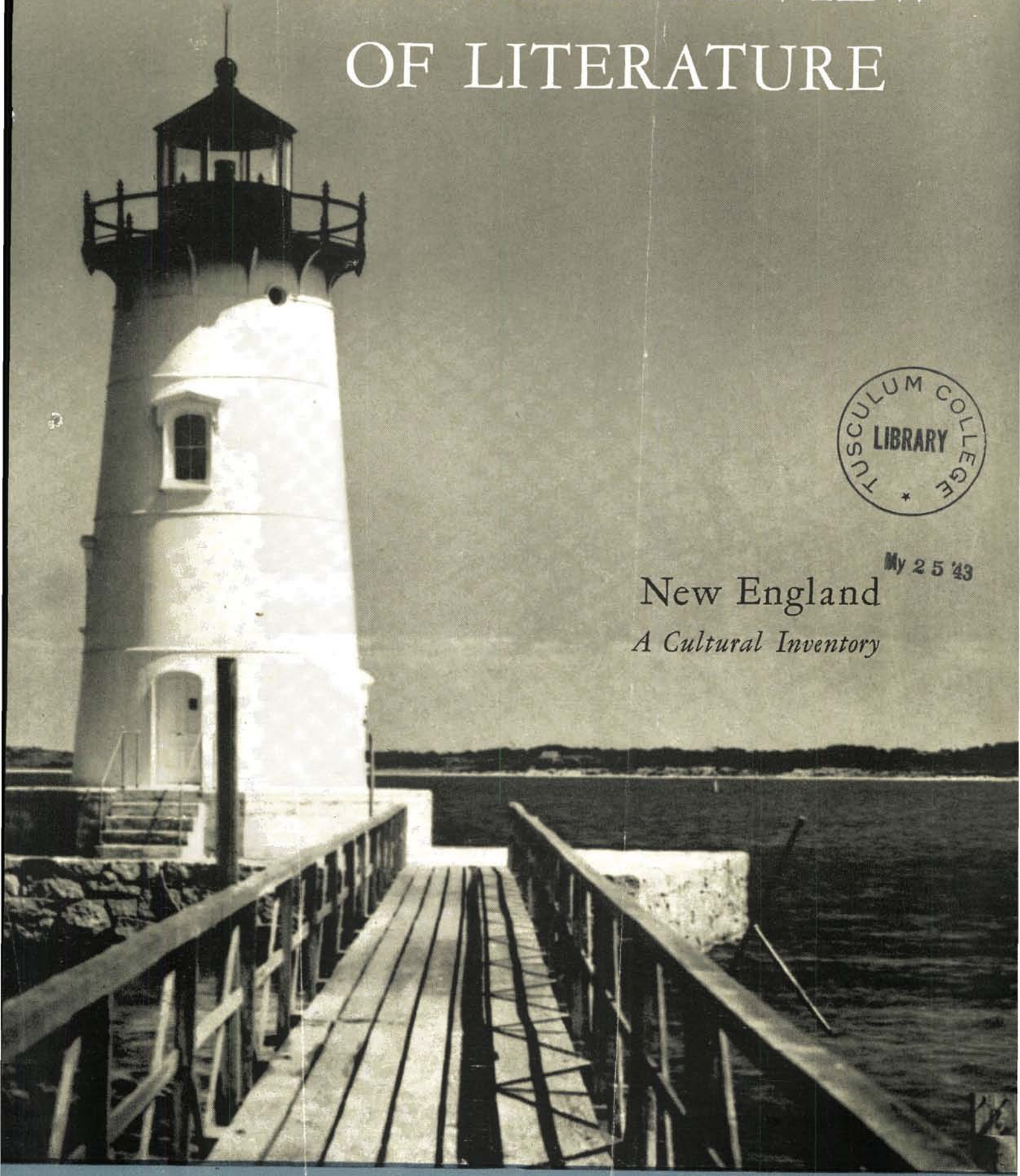
The SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE



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VOLUME XXVI No. 21 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1943 FIFTEEN CENTS

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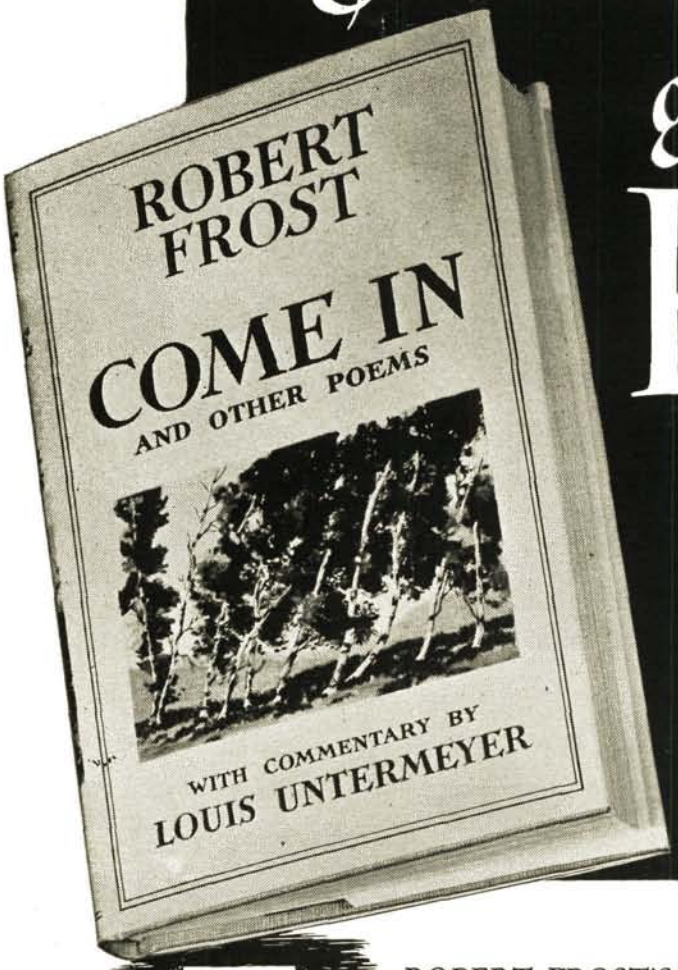
This is everybody's book of the poems of Robert Frost



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The Yankee Network

An Editorial

LET us write an editorial on the refugee in New England. He (or she) was born in California or Georgia or Delaware or Utah or in a converted brownstone on a side street of New York. And he went to school wherever he went to school, and he was bred on orange juice and shrimps, or on scrapple and raised doughnuts, or he was corn fed, or had his meals out of a delicatessen on Third Avenue. And somehow, some way, he packed his bag and went North or East to college at Brown or Trinity or Yale or Harvard or Williams or Amherst, or Smith, Mt. Holyoke, or Wellesley. Or perhaps he (or she) drifted with the pack to a state university, got a taste for scholarship there, or felt that first timid stir of the imagination which says in the subconsciousness, "I can write."

And if it was scholarship, the Yale or the Harvard library drew him. And if it was the creative impulse that was itching in his mind, he went to New York, broke into the game there, saw his royalty checks making an income at last, or found an editorial chair. And was restless among the hard sharp angles of the city, felt some stimulus die away, knew that, unless he could breathe a different spiritual climate, his brain would become a machine. And moved to some meadow village in Connecticut, or to a bluff overhanging a salt bay in Rhode Island, or into those rural provinces about Boston where there is a violin or a library in every other farmhouse.

So much has been written about New England and the New Englanders. So little has been said of these refugees in New England, who, some say, outnumber the native intellectuals, write most of the books, make most of the music, do most of the scholarship in a climate of Yankee skepticism which is critical of the new, never bluffed by the flashy, unemotional on the surface to hide the awareness of ideals tested through three centuries. It is a good spiritual climate for intellectual endeavor, better for the alien than the native, who remembers too much, is too familiar with his many-hilled American Greece to adorn it unless fate takes him out of New England—and brings him back.

What is this spiritual climate? It is plainly written in history. Perhaps the Hebrew and the Greek traditions never blended so uneasily and so fruitfully in any other soil, or were grafted upon a more individualistic race. The techniques of a difficult theology were the daily, salty bread of whole generations of New Englanders. They fought bravely for them in Boston and New Haven. They fought bravely against them in Hartford and Rhode Island. They tried to educate each other and, when theology became an affair for Sunday, proceeded to educate the whole nation, schoolmarms going West with the pioneers over a widening arc to the Pacific, Yankee tutors on the plantations, a Yankee twang heard and imitated in every schoolroom and study down to the deep South, which, in all America, alone succeeded in keeping the nose open when it talked. Many of the Yankees faults went with him, but also the supreme Yankee virtue of taking education seriously, education for everybody.

And, fortunately for the nation, and as it happened for New England also, that other blend of the Greek and Hebrew temperaments, the hard, keen calculating will to get on in the world, and lay up the treasures of Mammon on sterile hillsides and river banks incapable of fertilizing anything else—this blend of the shrewd Greek and the careful self-protecting Hebrew in a Puritan body stayed at home and threw its tentacles of investment like a network over the rich West. Stayed at home with the idealists who educated the schoolmarms, the Emersons, the Thoreaus, the Beechers, the Alcotts, the Holmeses, the Horace Manns, the Hawthornes, the Adamses. And the idealists and the ironists and the reformers, and the humorists with the curious ethical humor of New England, took to the woods, like the Indians, leaving State Street and the Connecticut Valley and the mills of Rhode Island and of Lowell to the capitalists, whom they harassed with arrows feathered with poems and pamphlets, and the civilized, and finally made a kind of cultural peace—which gave us the tough, beautiful, incalculable, and (in spite of the efforts of these paragraphs) still undefinable New England. And here the refugee found what he wanted, whether from rich and somnolent Philadelphia, or the plucked South, or the grass roots of the Middle West upon which it seems so hard for the intellectual crop to grow more than waist high, or the Pacific Coast all flush with glamour and promise, where the questing mind still gets rich too quickly, or goes bust in keeping up with the Cohen-Joneses.

New England, we who were born elsewhere and have lived with the Yankees, salute you! There is a pinched orthodoxy in Connecticut which still produces a kind of spastic reaction against anything much larger than the New Haven Green. Rhode Island breeds liberalism and corruption in about equal quantities. Boston still looks down its nose at the Hudson River, wondering whether it was really necessary to go as far as New Jersey when the more perfect state was already made at home. Vermont and New Hampshire have traded their deserted farms for paintings and poems, and are complacent about the bargain. They kept the loveliest landscapes of the world still lovely by exporting their children and holding on to their woodlots. Maine is a summer resort and an anthology of aphorisms. And yet, we refugees find something in the air of this neck of the woods, with its clearings full of colleges and factories and banks, and (to change the figure) attached to the United States by an umbilical cord only (but the child was father of the man),—we find there a living space with qualities to be had nowhere else.

Perhaps it is independence, perhaps it is a respect for individuality, probably it is just because the Yankee, having made his land, says, "Come in if you want. But don't bother me, and I won't bother you. I don't think much of you, as yet!"

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

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NEW ENGLAND

Fourth in a Series of Regional Issues

THE CONTRIBUTORS

Leonard Bacon, poet and essayist, who has been close to *The Saturday Review* since its start, is a resident of Peacedale, Rhode Island. He won the Pulitzer Prize in poetry last year for his volume of verse, "Sunderland Capture." His previous books include "Rhyme and Punishment," "Dream and Action," and "The Voyage of Autoleon."

Dorothy Canfield Fisher was born in Kansas, attended schools in the Midwest and East, in addition to a period of study abroad, and eventually settled down in Vermont, of which she is now a confirmed and enthusiastic resident. She is the author of some two dozen books, among them "Seasoned Timber," "The Deepening Stream," "Rough Hewn," "Bonfire," and "The Day of Glory."

Ellery Sedgwick's name is a landmark not only in New England but in the history of American magazines. He was editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* for thirty years; before that he was editor of *Leslie's Magazine* and *The American Magazine.* He was born in New York City and became a New Englander by adoption, now living in Boston.

William Lyon Phelps, whose name is synonymous with Yale University and New Haven, has been teaching English literature for a cool half century. Billy tells all in his "Autobiography with Letters," published in 1939. Before that he had published some twenty-four books, most of them works of criticism on literature and the drama. Billy was born in New Haven and, of course, still lives there.

Marion Canby, the wife of Henry S. Canby, is well known to the readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* to which she has contributed poems and reviews, particularly of young people's books.

Robert T. Tristram Coffin, Pulitzer Prize poet, still lives in Brunswick, Maine, where he was born. He was a Rhodes scholar, and has taught English at several American universities. At Wells College he was largely responsible for founding the Oxford idea of honor work in English literature. The book of verse for which he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize is "Strange Holiness" (1936).

Witter Bynner, son of a New England newspaper editor, graduate of Harvard University, and long resident in the East, has transplanted himself and his heritage to our Southwest. Before his departure, he was assistant editor of *McClure's Magazine* and literary adviser to two publishing houses in the East. He is the author of a goodly number of plays and poems. A volume of his "Selected Poems" appeared in 1936.

W. T. Scott is the literary editor of *The Providence Journal.* He has also contributed literary criticism and reviews to various magazines.

Lawrence Sargent Hall moved recently from a post in the Department of English at Ohio University to the Office of Strategic Services in Washington. At present he is serving with the United States Navy.

Van Wyck Brooks comes as close to being the official chronicler of literary New England as it is possible for any writer to be. The first two volumes in his monumental project on New England were "The Flowering of New England" and "New England: Indian Summer." Mr. Brooks lives in Westport, Conn.

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May 22, 1943

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The Real New England Art

"One of Her True Glories is True Learning"

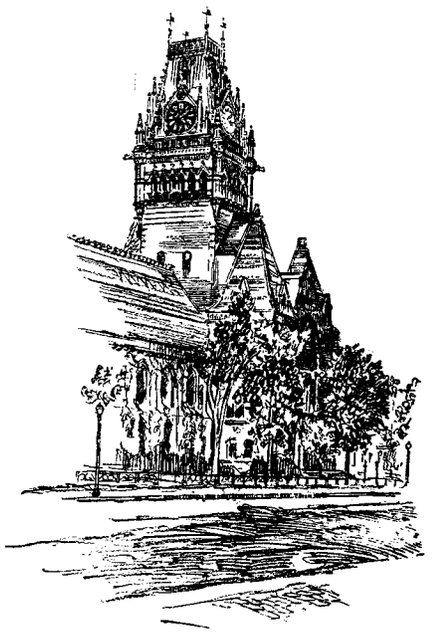
LEONARD BACON

EVEN New Englanders have taken up the current habit of talking about New England in the past tense. She is no longer the center of literature, of finance, of politics, that she was within living memory. None of her sons is apt to be president unless another Middle Westerner dies suddenly. And the up and coming children of younger regions, when they mention her, have something in their tone which suggests débutantes in their year of brief glory on the subject of an older spinster who never has orchids, unless she buys them herself. New England at no time, it must be admitted, was above handing herself pretty elaborate bouquets and still keeps up the practice. God has given her no unreasonably bad conceit of her powers.

But, like others not devoid of vanity, she has not always paid attention to what she might have regarded with particular satisfaction. She was proud of her full purse during her prosperity, which lasted long enough for her to go in for ancestor worship, the most wearisome form of religion known. Her merchants took some credit to themselves from her political power and her literary glory. And they were quick to praise and take advantage of advances in technology made by such men as Eli Whitney and Morse. Yet with respect to other matters, they ignored or took for granted what was going on under their noses.

For it is not too much to say of New England that one of her true glories is true learning, which came in with the first colonists and was and is far less mortal than they. By true learning I mean learning which gives thought the form and direction it must keep if it is to remain thought. It has nothing to do with the sort of capacious memory whence come those glib repetitions of the wholly irrelevant or the fundamentally inaccurate which astonish at the sessions of "Information, please." It is no concern of those professional scribes and Pharisees "who make broad their bibliographies" at the meetings of Modern Language Societies. It is rather the attribute of the simple and the modest, who, having plowed their furrow with care, are aware of the immensity of the whole field. And from the first there were men of this order in New England. A brief glance at Roger Williams's "A Key to the Language of North America," published just three hundred years ago, is enough to make the point. The little work is such a good job, that, as is pointed out by its most recent editor, it has been used within a few years as a means of communication with the Algonquins of Labrador. No sterner test could be set or met. I don't mean that "Information, please" type of learning was unknown. It led to witch trials at Salem.

But, even with so promising a start, you could hardly claim much in the way of true learning till Jonathan Edwards got going in the first half of the eighteenth century. We don't know him any more, and in some quarters there are few regrets. The intense boy, who at twelve wrote an essay on the spider still considered masterly by entomologists and thereafter lost himself in the web of predestination, is remembered by Americans mainly because of terrifying remarks about sinners held in the hand of an angry God over "a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath." But it wasn't hellfire sermons that rustled the philosophic Volscians of Edinburgh and Oxford. It was an essay on the Will, which as the encyclopedia will inform you, took over where Locke left off and carried on to where Hume began. To an outsider, unfamiliar with such matters, it sounds like a raid on Cloudcuckootown. But the cognoscenti seem convinced that it was the first American contribution to philosophy.



—From "Harvard and Cambridge." A Sketchbook, by Jack Frost.

Memorial Hall, Harvard

More in keeping with notions which we call contemporary and aftercomers will stigmatize with another epithet, is the exciting figure of Benjamin Thompson, statesman, industrialist, soldier, and scientist, all four titles fairly earned. Thousands of engineers and workmen must have burned their fingers on the metal shavings evolved when cannon were bored, before Thompson, first of all men, drew some relevant deductions. It is something to speak to the purpose before any other on the nature of heat. And I even spy desert in Thompson's discovery of the elementary principles which govern the draft of a chimney. Thompson's work was done abroad for foreign powers. But he took his title as Count of the Holy Roman Empire from Rumford which is now Concord, New Hampshire. Not Franklin himself (Massachusetts born though ignobly nourished on the scrapple of the Pennsylvanians) was more complex in his interests or more simple in his approach to them than the Tory adventurer who made a beginning with the enigma of heat and laid the "phlogiston theory" in the grave. Here past question was the true learning that gives thought the form it must keep.

WHILE the picturesque Thompson was reorganizing armies in Bavaria, one to whom that adjective has seldom or never been applied was reorganizing the English language in Connecticut. Lexicographers are generally considered fair game as well as harmless drudges, but Noah Webster is too monumental to be overlooked. Though he had not one whiff of the Johnsonian verve, after him lexicography was by way of becoming a thoroughpaced science with the breath of modernity in it and no longer a fanciful, pedantic, and antiquarian art. He brought the commonsensical and factual together in a manner not always recognized by later champions in the same arena of innumerable sands. And in his wooden and impersonal manner he too indicated the direction of thought.

We don't often think of Oriental studies as a feature of New England. But the German scholars of the mid-nineteenth century did no more for them than the son of a Northampton banker. William Dwight Whitney seems a pretty strange birth for the Berkshires. I have heard the contemporary Sanskrit scholar best qualified to praise speak of Whitney as a "pure

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white peak of learning, whose height you could not estimate until you had journeyed some distance away." Fifty years after Whitney's death he still has to be reckoned with, or rather counted on. He was the sort of grammarian whose grammar was the very life of language, truly learned. And in addition he gave the "Century Dictionary" such an infusion of his quality that, on the word of our betters, its definitions excel "Oxford's."

When one thinks of true learning in New England there are two men who in different fields did what must not be forgotten. Asa Gray, though by misfortune born in York State, migrated early to Cambridge where he revolutionized systematic botany. O. C. Marsh at New Haven wrote the strange genealogy of the horse from the record of the rocks and discovered the fossil toothed birds that linked the reptiles with the fowls of the air. Both of them held up Darwin's hands. And each of them did as much in his own field as any man to bring the life and thought of the little colleges into the main current of world science.

But something even more striking was to follow, the sort of thing that gives a new and original impulse and direction to the current of world science. Miss Rukeyser in her remarkable book has taken pretty competent pains to waken the slow laity to the meaning of Willard Gibbs and his direct inspirations about thermodynamics. Forty years ago European physicists were devouring every page that Gibbs had written while the prophet had the usual degree of honor under his elms. Those Englishmen and Germans saw with startled eyes what was implicit in Gibbs's mathematical incantations. But Americans still crowded the laboratories of Leipzig and Breslau to gather wisdom from the avid disciples of Gibbs. The shy creature who made mathematics behave in the presence of the complexities of energy never thought of himself in the Archimedean terms in which he begins to be celebrated, though he doubtless derived some secret and timid pleasure from the three-dimensional compliments of Clerk Maxwell. He would have been seriously embarrassed by the accusation that he stood with Galileo and Newton. But in fact he happened to be standing there, the first, perhaps the last, world figure to come out of New England. By himself he is quite sufficient.

IT would be fun for the writer to prolong the list, whatever it might be for the reader. What of George Ticknor who wrote his classic history of Spanish literature before any Spaniard? What of Francis James Child and his superb final work on the ballad? What of Peirce with his mathematical nose in everything? And for God's sake, what of William James, most intelligible of philosophers and the first psychologist to make his science make sense? Not to name fifty others, every one a man of true learning, seems effrontery or ignorance or both. But I think I've got where I meant to get.

For all the materialism of the shipbuilding, whaling, manufacturing province; for all its theocratic bullyragging, political skullduggery, pride of purse, and pride of family; for all its prejudice and persecution "from the Salem witches to Sacco and Vanzetti"; in spite of the palaces of Newport and the slums of Boston, New England on the whole hasn't been a bad place for men of true learning. Very often she neither knew nor cared what they were talking about and, like her neighbors, ignored them at home till (quite as unattractive) they were patronized abroad. But the fact remains that she provided, however inadvertently, certain rather special opportunities for abilities that grew up within her boundaries. The little colleges, which were intended to propagate faiths of varying degrees of narrowness and in every case went beyond the programs of their founders, were perhaps a factor, though not in themselves sufficient to account for the variety and numbers of men of true learning which the province produced. One might guess with others that the mere wildness and newness of the land offered a sort of liberty, with which the majority's disposition to interfere was not able to cope. There was always an outlet, some hamlet of refuge for originality. One could preach at Cambridge what was frowned upon in New Haven and vice versa. But in point of fact one can't account for what took place in New England in her great period any more than one can account for eighteenth century Scotland or Periclean Athens. Such times happen. And New England's great time happened to be quite a good one, in spite or because of what she had to offer.

Even if she has at times seemed to think that a delicate compliment had been paid astronomy because a Lowell condescended to investigate the subject or resisted an attempt to drop Gibbs from the faculty on the ground that he was such a good Yale man, somehow she gave play enough, and the record remains. It is exciting that so small a region should have got involved in so many matters of moment, apart from letters and politics concerning which she has made no ungrounded boast. Yet about her children's part in the exploration of the nature of heat, in scientific lexicography, in Oriental Studies, in the revolutions of botany and paleontology, and in the still greater and as yet incalculable revolution in physical chemistry, she has been strangely reticent, probably not on account of modesty. These things as far as she was concerned took place behind her back. Hereafter she had better glance around more to see what her men of true learning, of whom she still has many, are up to. It won't do to take them for granted in a changed world. Some more adequate reaction on her part is required by the times, some more conscious, general, and sympathetic recognition of those who give thought the form it must keep, if it is to remain thought. Else she stands in danger of having to speak of herself in the past tense in good earnest.

—From "Harvard and Cambridge." A Sketchbook, by Jack Frost.
Central Square, Cambridge.

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Old Salt and Old Oak

The New England Blend is Still Unique

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

"OH NO," I said with some impatience, "don't let us talk about New Englandism all over again. There's been too much of that kind of talk. And a lot of it is nonsense."

But of course I went right on talking. Well, nonsense is perhaps not the exact word. Let's see if we can figure out what *is* the trouble with it. I know one thing, right away—people who talk about New England traits and character seem to think that New England, at the close of the Civil War, went into a sort of sleeping sickness and hasn't lifted a finger or an eyelash since. It's the strangest thing to hear them talking about New England as if there were no people living in it *now*. Yet here we all are. My godfather (he was Vermont born and bred but made his remarkably good living as a corporation lawyer in the Middle West) used to say, "What ought to be done with Vermont is to have it purchased outright and presented to the country as a national park—keep the inhabitants there to show Americans what their forefathers were like and how they lived."

But, being a Vermonter himself, he never said this very audibly. He knew it was the kind of talk that would make the people in his old home town laugh at him. The point was that, when he went back there for visits, he saw people of his own age mostly, and apparently he (like so many other outsiders) had no notion that there are any young people in the state.

Well, he could just guess again. Where did he think the grayhaired ones come from? Not long ago we dedicated with ceremonies some mural paintings in our small high school here in Arlington. The artist had painted scenes from the settling of the town in 1764. Somebody suggested that "if possible" it might be rather nice to have the curtains drawn by descendants of those original settlers who were school children in that very school. If possible? Nothing but. The class room rolls of the town school sounded like part of the list of voters in the early Town Meetings. And those boys and girls are just American kids, of every variety of temperament and personality, nothing specially "New England" about them—saddle-shoes and sweaters and bare heads, hands in their trouser pockets, heads full of comic strips and the baseball scores.

They say, the young folks do, that this New-England-color talk is the bunk, something people get out of books. And it is true that everything Owen D. Young tells about his life as a boy fifty years or so ago on a farm in what we here call "York State," was precisely like what all the New England boys on farms knew in their youth. What Della Lutes wrote about her family as she knew them sixty years ago on a Michigan farm sounds in every detail like a New England family of that period.

Perhaps what people call New Englandism is really only a certain way of taking life, selected naturally by people who have a taste for that way, rather than another way. If so, this is something to shout about, for it has a bearing on human life in general, and how human beings can take more comfort in living it. Let's consider this point.

If there is truth in it you could find New Englandism and New England ways spread over a very wide stretch of territory, couldn't you? Well, that's so. Everybody has noticed that in this country. Owen D. Young and Della Lutes are only two of the innumerable witnesses to it. But, people will tell you, that simply means that New Englanders spread all over this nation, and took their way of life and talk with them. This proposition hasn't been examined very thoroughly by anthropologists or folk-lore specialists or whoever would be the kind of learned brains trained to weigh the evidence. So we might as well do a little amateur examining on our own. Suppose we take up the trait of taste for extreme understatement which is the basis of a thousand rural "New England" anecdotes. I myself heard a Yankee neighbor puncture the swelling exuberance of a city man who, coming out to the front door on a beautiful dewy sunny June morning, cried out, expanding his chest and throwing up his arms, "Oh what a superb morning. Simply magnificent, isn't it?" My neighbor was ruffled by such rococo talk and after examining the weather with an air of judicious thought remarked, "Tain't bad." Vermont flavor? How about the ancient tale of the two Englishmen viewing Niagara Falls for the first time, one of whom said impassively, "Rather nice?" To which the other one replied, "Don't gush." Part of my youth was spent in France in close contact with a family of French girls of my age whose old grandmother was an important figure in the circle. She was of Burgundian stock with no slightest contact with non-French ways of life; and as truly "New England" in her taste and astringent ways of expression as my Vermont great-grandmother. Time after time when we were all dressed for some special occasion with toilettes that made our joy, we used to cry out to her, turning around slowly so that she could really take in the dress, the hat, the shoes, the parasol, "Grand 'mère, don't you think this costume is lovely? *Don't* you think it is becoming?" She looked at it appraisingly and always made the same austere comment, *"Oui, tu n 'es pas ridicule."*

"Get Cotton Mather to proof that page, Lad, and tell that old goat not to be all day about it!"

THERE is another class of New England tales made up of those which give in a brief phrase a vivid glimpse into the tangled brains of somebody who isn't quite "all there," and yet whose mental confusion bears a troubling resemblance to that into which any of us may fall when in a great hurry, or when shocked by some astounding news. There are so many of these in our anthology it is hard to choose. Suppose we take a familiar one about the hired man, not extra bright, who, hearing startled talk about a dead body being found in the alders near the river, asked anxiously, "Did it have on a brown coat?"—"Yes." He shrank together, and asked, "Did it have on black buttoned shoes?"—"No."—"Oh then!" he cried in re-

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"He says he's read 'Pilgrim's Progress' and he wants something more spicy!"

lief, "Twan't me!" The New England countryside with its relentless perception of human muddle-headedness is in this tale of a poor half-wit. But in Picardy they have just as many of the same kind. A typical one is of the slow-witted farmer out in a distant field to whom a neighbor runs crying out "Oh Pierre! Pierre! your house is on fire!" For an instant he is horrified, and then with immense relief he slaps his pocket crying out "'sall right. I got the key in my pocket!"

There is another subdivision of New England-style stories relating to the taking-down of the pretentious. It is about a town braggart, the laughing-stock of his neighbors (probably he was just an expansive, voluble person who would have been perfectly in harmony in a village of Provençal France), who goes away to a city, gets some political pull, and is elected Mayor. He returns to the Vermont (or New Hampshire, or Maine) village of his youth to revel in the confounding of his critics and asks the first person he meets, "Well, what did the boys have to say when they heard I'm a Mayor?" To which the New Englander answers impassively, "They didn't say anything. They just laffed."

Now I actually know the man in question, and the man who made that reply. Yet that tale is told in innumerable other towns, in and out of New England. And as to the doctor called in to treat a farmer's foot cut by an axe who said, in disgust, "Don't you ever wash your feet! I'll give you a dollar if you can find another foot as dirty as that in town," whereupon the farmer whipped the shoe off his other foot and held out his hand for the money. Now we in Arlington personally know the doctor who said that, and the patient (it wasn't a farmer) with the dirty feet. But hearing it come in from Arizona, and Arkansas and finally from Ireland and Scotland, we resignedly begin to think that Aesop imitated it from the Sanskrit.

YES, it looks as though New Englandism is only one of several folk-traditions, very widely distributed. And one of our reasons for thinking so is that there are—what few people ever realize, no matter how loudly we insist upon it—several distinct kinds of New Englandism. Nothing exasperates inland Maine people and New Hampshire folks and Vermonters more than to have Iowa lump us in with Boston and Connecticut as having the same kind of attitude towards life. In fact, one of the things which we find most pleasing in our past history—because it promises so much to those amongst us now and in the future who don't like the "Vermont" way of taking life, or to those born in Georgia or North Dakota who do like New Englandism, is precisely that our ancestors left Massachusetts and Connecticut, so our family lore tells us, because they found themselves living in a background which didn't suit their taste; as if people who liked blue found themselves living where red was the predominant wear. No criticism implied of red, you understand—just a difference in taste.

To give an instance of this difference in taste, consider the fact that Connecticut and Massachusetts folks and those from Eastern Massachusetts admire those who know how to get on in the world, materially, who know how to take quick advantage of business opportunities and lose no chance to do business. Their land and climate are no more favorable to the making of fortunes than New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont, but somehow they knew how to take hold of the changes in industrial development by the right end, how to do business in exactly the ways best suited to the world at each phase of its commercial organization, how to make money, *real money*. No "real money" has ever been made in our three rural New England states. Men capable of doing it have quickly left a background which doesn't greatly admire the combination of traits necessary for it and have made their real money elsewhere in the country.

There's an old story told indiscriminately of Vermont, Maine, and New Hampshire, about a store-keeper who sat playing checkers with a friend in the room back of the store, one rainy afternoon. Presently his friend remarked, "A customer has just come in to the store, George." To which George replied, "Sh! if we keep real still, maybe he'll go away." A store-keeper here in Arlington—a cousin of mine—really did give up keeping a certain kind of cereal because—"oh it's a perfect nuisance," he explained, "it gets bought so fast I can't keep it in stock."

NOW these stories ricochet back from all over Vermont, from all over Maine and New Hampshire—and, for that matter, stories very much like it from slow-going towns along the Hudson River, and from sleepy provincial villages in France, only there the store-keeper sits dreaming at the café instead of keeping an eagle eye peeled for customers. But never, I assure you, from Eastern Massachusetts, from Paris, nor from Connecticut. Especially not from Connecticut. Here is a complete divergence in New England tradition and background. Yet you'll hear people speak as though Connecticut and Eastern Massachusetts shared the same attitude towards human existence of the rural states, just as you will hear people lump all "French" people together, speaking of "French" traits as if the sharp dry Parisian merchant and the sheep-like credulity of the men from Berry had anything in common.

What am I getting at? You can never be sure what you *are* getting at, but what I think I'm trying to make clear to myself is something that ought to be very useful in running one's individual existence. It's this: that New Englandism, as it is usually thought of, is no more than one of the many diverse ways of taking human life. And that it is, is a

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blessing. That there are diverse ways stands to reason, for human nature is infinitely diverse. The biologists and geneticists have proved to us a thousand times over that our human inheritance is mixed, mixed, mixed; that into a family of high-strung intellectuals you are as apt as not to see a child born with native gift for the use of his hands: and that into a family of wage-earning handworkers there is apt to appear a baby with brains capable of the highest abstract thought. One of the greatest obstacles in managing this variegated inheritance has been the rock-like fixity of our social prejudices and of our local traditions. Entirely aside from the infinite complications of economic, financial operations, and the producing and distributing of goods, is this matter, so vital to personal happiness, of having your background suit your natural tastes.

IF we could only take our traditions and backgrounds with a lighter touch, not clutch them with that death-grip of the provincial who judges the value of human beings by whether they handle their forks at table as his mother taught him to do, how much better chances for enjoying life our children would have! If we could only realize for instance that New Englandism is one of the several "modes" or keys in which human life may be written, not in the least one anchored to an especial soil, out of which nobody born to it can escape, into which nobody born elsewhere can penetrate, what loosening of painful tension to all concerned there would be. For the quick-stepping New York City shopper, used to the focussing of human personality on salesmanship, suffers no more from the slow-moving Hudson Valley store-keeper than the store-keeper does from the nervous haste and irritability of his customer. Life is infinitely more peaceable to them both, if they can, in general, keep to the background the tempo of which suits their own.

My mother's parents, grandparents, great-greats were all Vermonters. Undiluted New England tradition was the background into which she was born. She did not like it. In fact she detested it, and with energy and ingenuity she made her life in another world—although as a matter of fact much of it was spent with New Englanders (many of them encouraged by her example to be themselves). She was an artist, a landscape painter, who liked Paris and New York vastly better than her own New England. She adored irregular hours, meals anywhere but at the dining room table. She liked traveling, yes, even to Europe, with a bundle rather than the square-cornered suit-case of tradition. She abominated rigidity of planning, and once, going down to our small railroad station to take the southbound train to New York to do some shopping, found that delayed, and, the northbound train to Montreal coming along just then, she went to Montreal for her shopping. She greatly preferred, so she always said, a Neapolitan who would pick your pocket with a smile than the dull mediocrity from Perkins Center who could be trusted with a fortune.

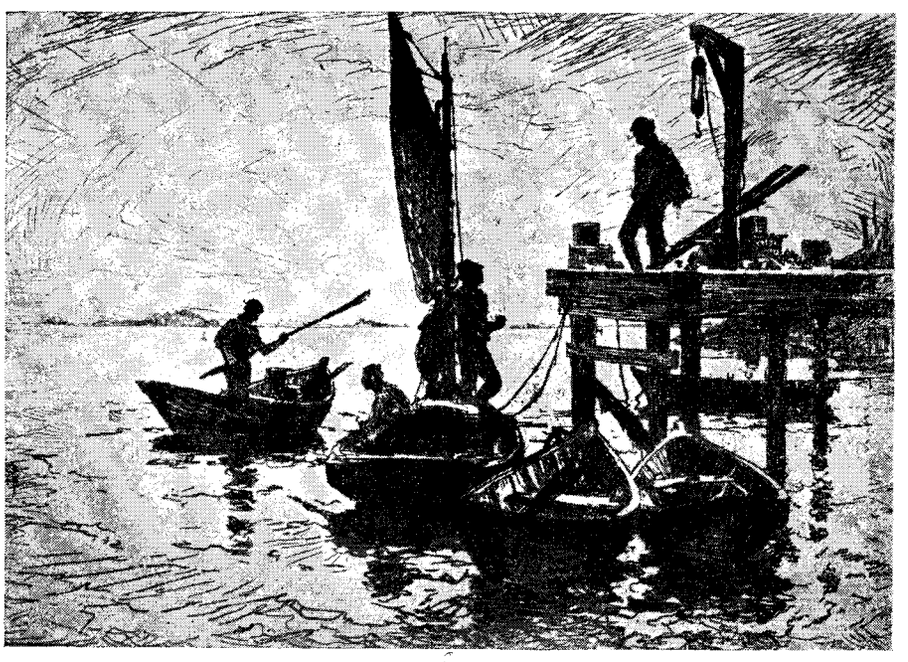
The New England ways of reticence, emotional control, self-conscious governing of one's words rubbed her the wrong way. Our back-roads children, asked if they will have a cookie or a glass of lemonade, consider it manners not to answer with what would seem to them greedy and grabbing eagerness, "Oh, I'd LOVE to!" They say remotely "I don't care if I do." My mother was cruel to this rusticity, snatching back the plate of cookies, "Oh, if you don't care about having any, I won't force them on you." She liked people to say what they felt, and, if they felt differently the next minute, it did not trouble her to have them contradict themselves. She *did*, with the utmost flexibility.

She and many another New Englander like her are like High Church temperaments who like ritual and incense born into a Unitarian family, or the other way around. No harm's done, if the doors are kept open for them, when they come to know what kind of persons they are, to walk away into another kind of tradition. If too much is made of tradition, as though "loyalty" to blue were a virtue when you greatly prefer red, tradition becomes a prison for the human spirit, instead of an ordering into shapeliness of one or another kind of living, which suits one or another kind of human being.

But, do you ask, doesn't one, on the whole, find more Vermontism in Vermont than in California? Well, I don't know California and imagine that much of the generalizing talk about "California traits" is called the bunk by California young folks. But on the whole, yes, I suppose that you find more of what's thought of as New Englandism in New England than in Sacramento. Of course, and for a very pleasant reason which has in it the promise of greater human happiness all around; namely because our American flexibility of habit has made it more possible than in some other parts of the world, for people to shift around till they get into backgrounds which suit them. Not all, of course. But enough (to talk as painters do) to make a more harmonious composition out of regional life. Most of the natural-born, real, sure-enough money-makers and those who like what they call affability, sociability, geniality, and warmth, and what seems to the New Englander fatiguing exuberance and the most wearing attrition of other people always underfoot, somehow early in life get themselves out of rural New England. This is not only all to the good for them. But also for those of us left here.

SUPPOSE you are one of those who, like the Maine woman resisting the innovation of constant "community-parties" in her town, "have good homes and like to stay in 'em," and

(*Continued on page* 42)



—*Etching by Frank W. Benson*

Boats at Dawn

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Second Growth in New England

There Were Real Giants in Those Days

ELLERY SEDGWICK

IT is written that "when Half Gods go, the Gods arrive" but in the story of the writers of New England there is a reversal of the glorious succession. I was born when New England was in flower but, by the time I was out of corduroys and buttoned into my "toga virilis," the oaks were going and the sap ran a little slow and thin in the second growth. The fact that "The Last Leaf" was buried in Dr. Holmes's grave the year of my graduation from Harvard will give my date for any substantial purpose. Although wild horses would not have dragged it out of my undergraduate bosom I will confide to my gentle readers that the criteria of Matthew Arnold were secretly woven into all my literary enthusiasms. The poet's "perfect line" was my private touchstone and, though I did not find it in magazines or even in books, I was as certain that come again it would, as I was convinced that outside my own Stockbridge "the Upper Classes were being materialized, the Middle Classes vulgarized and the Lower Classes brutalized," and that, while this condition existed, neither poetry nor literature generally could be born into an unpropitious world. In those days, as I looked up and down the decent village street, none of these three appalling Classes was visible. But Arnold had spoken of their crystallization in England and, before I went into the world, I took it for granted that this must be so in America.

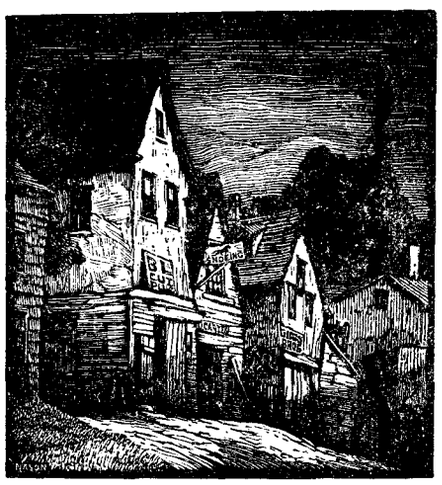
At Harvard College I began to think differently. Freshman life in 1890 was not, to put it gently, conducive to a lettered education. But almost at once I saw with my own eyes that one stand at least of New England oaks still flourished. My family were old-time friends of the James's and at the outset I wandered into the classroom of William James. His very first lecture, almost his first words, changed my world. "Young gentlemen," he said (I garble the quotation but the phrase still stands clear in my mind), "you will ask yourselves why you have set about the study of philosophy; the more inquiring of you will ask why you have entered this particular doorway. The object of philosophy, my friends, is to *learn to know a man when you see one.*"

As I went out Tommy Sherwin, the slender Mercury of the football team, threw his arm over my shoulder.

"There is something in that," he said. "Well," I replied, "that's what my education is going to be."

And so it was within my boyish limits I chose my courses not by subjects but by the men who taught them. They were all in the great tradition. I studied under William James; Francis James Child, scholar of scholars; Nathaniel Shaler, whose theme was a somewhat romantic and personal version of geology but whose laugh, the laugh of Boanerges, was a contribution to the humanities; George Martin Lane, purist of Horatian types; Royce and Palmer, the contrasted philosophers, Leibnitzian and Platonic; Charles Eliot Norton. They were the last of the Ancient Race, the last stand of New England oaks, part and parcel, though some had been transplanted, of the high tradition of New England literature.

From Norton a boy could learn anything except the subject of the lecture. For that you went to the Library but to the lecture room you went for ideas and standards of an ancient world wholly subversive of the universe of the 90's. When, in Fine Arts 3, his modulated voice dropped off to something above a pensive whisper you could just catch the words: "There are handsome landscapes in our country but in America even the shadows are vulgar." The very atrocity of the description stirred young minds to the consideration of certain elements in American life more substantial and much more disagreeable than shadows. And when Norton began a famous lecture thus: "Young gentlemen,—and as I speak these words the realization comes over me that no one here has ever seen a gentleman," the corrosive inference almost started a riot. At the door I met Dan Shea, the butterfly son of an opulent Boston barkeep. Dan was visibly explosive; "To think, to think," he spluttered, "why that man never knew my father!"



—*Woodcut by Thomas W. Nason*
Blacksmith's Shop

SNOBBERY was the first thought in youthful minds as youthful ears drank in animadversions so preposterous. But they were the kind of extravagances that secure attention from three hundred impatient boys when the year is at the Spring and butterflies flutter in and out of open windows. Later, when you grew older and wiser and entered more fully into Norton's companionship, it is hardly too much to say that he brought to hundreds of underdeveloped spirits a new universe. Beauty became not esthetic satisfaction merely but took her place high among the moralities. Looking backward over fifty years, I believe the inscription written beneath his bust by his admirable pupil, Professor Grandgent, not extravagant but just and right:

HE TAUGHT AN UNSEEING WORLD TO SEE.

In that New England grove the topmost oak was Charles William Eliot, towering above his fellows, standing apart. There was an austerity about him extending to his administration. Amongst undergraduates the conviction held that he would never assume his mission accomplished until, of pupils, only a fringe of grinds remained and the University was free to meet its appointment with Destiny, untrammeled by the hobbledehoy puerilities of Harvard College. But it is astonishing how the vision changes when, in the third decade, one is fitted with glasses. When I returned to Boston in 1908, Mr. Eliot was the Institution and Harvard University almost the pseudonym of its great President. He lived through an age of transformation. It is trite to say that he found Harvard a country college and left it a world university. Men who fought or even watched the battles of his reign may sometimes differ from my judgment and join in his dispraise. But there stands his work. His successor gave it material magnificence but the real edifice, the core, rests upon Eliot's foundation. In spite of Mr. Santayana's trivial satire on the futile flickering of a decaying philosophy, President Eliot will by New England generations be remembered as the Last Puritan.

It is hardly germane to my thesis but it is entertaining to recall the ef-

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fect of the austerities of the Eliot regime on officialdom about him. Until the humanizing discovery of Dean Briggs which worked a miracle in undergraduate faith and morals, the Dean of Harvard College was one efficient and possibly unjustly detested Smith. I still recall how, to the tune of

The animals came in two by two,
One wide river to cross . . .

we used to sing, as our elder brothers had sung before us,

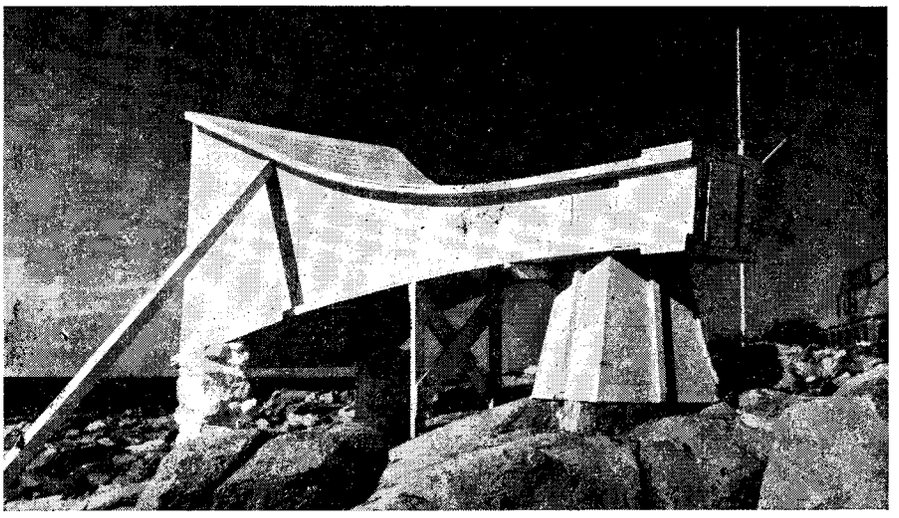
If the Dean of Harvard College
Had been there in the swim
I wonder who in thunder
Would have walked along with him!

But I grow irrelevant and impertinent. The kind editor who requested this paper may have had in mind a description of men whose names are the stock in trade of literary historians. But who the novelist, who the essayist that has labored for intellectual life, (in whose deep soil alone can literature flourish) more wisely and more well, than those champions of the eternal spirit of the Humanities?

I WAS dependent, as I have said, a hundred more times on the teacher than on the things he taught. My education was a thing of threads and patches: no Majoring, no perfect comprehension of a minute segment of the infinite circle, merely a shining and shimmering understanding of what men are and do when they are men.

Whether the oration is a branch of literature I am uncertain but I submit that some knowledge of the difference between orating and oratory plays its part in the education of a young man. Taste, despite the professor and the moralist, is one of the deepest things in life. To my thinking it points out the cleft between good and evil; the chasm between Heaven and Hell: but that is a private matter. At any rate, I count it part of the literary story of a New England inspired by the preaching of Phillips Brooks, and lay stress on the intellectual power of the spoken word.

It was a famous day in New England history when there was dedicated on Boston Common St. Gaudens's monument to Francis Gould Shaw. The "Fair-haired Northern Hero" marches in bronze at the head of his "niggers" who were buried with him at Fort Wagner. Every spectator at the great celebration knew how Colonel Shaw had been hissed by members of the Somerset Club as the black regiment paraded down Beacon Street on its march to death and immortality. On that day it was William James who spoke, and Booker Washington (and who is a more central figure in the traditional thought of New England than the founder of Tuskegee?) gave the moving oration. We realized then that the Negro had stepped on the first rung of the long ladder.



The Fog Horn—Annisquam

On a less memorable occasion, I heard a Bostonian speak words which, in my ears, sounded like the very poetry of oratory. It was at a dinner in memory of "Billy" Russell, a Massachusetts Governor cut down in his prime, whom we thought the very type fitted for the Presidency. How I came to be invited to the dinner I have forgotten but the great and the near-great were there and among them Patrick Collins, once our Consul General in London and a popular office holder to whose Irish genius was mercifully added a probity which entitled him to the respect of all citizens. I dimly recall the toastmaster, who sat near, slipping behind Mr. Collin's chair and whispering that of course he would be called upon to speak. "Pat" Collins looked at his watch. He had two minutes for preparation. When he rose it was with the measured dignity of a man thinking of his lost leader. Slowly he began: "I have known many a politician in my time, many aye, many a statesman, but it is my deliberate opinion that he dwelt an arrow's flight beyond them all."

The effect was immedate and, on me, enduring.

I remember, too, at the solemn funeral of Willam James in old Appleton Chapel, the impressive bulk of Dr. George A. Gordon standing at the head of the coffin. From some old-fashioned prejudice the mere thought of eulogy numbs my soul, but that resonant invocation to a great spirit gone still reverberates in my ears: "Teacher, Preacher, Follower of the Truth."

When, after half a dozen years of Babylonish Captivity, I returned to Boston in 1908, the old landmarks of New England had disappeared but there still survived outcroppings of the civilized era. The *Atlantic,* to which my hand was set, was creeping dizzily towards an unheard-of sale of fifteen thousand copies. Its friends became my friends. Staunchest among them and most constant delight to me was Mrs. James T. Fields, widow editor of the magazine in eons gone by. She still lived on in her Charles Street house stored with memories of the Augustan Age. There Thackeray had stayed, there Dickens had shown himself her devoted friend. In the old parlor, its western windows looking over the far reaches of the Charles, I found Mrs. Fields nearly every week, lying on her sofa, still lovely in her soft gray gown. Above her hung the portrait of himself that he had given her; the young Dickens, beardless and glowing with Copperfieldian genius. With Mrs. Fields the past was present and, as she lived it again, I became half conscious that I myself had known these undying friends of hers.

AN almost constant inmate of her house was Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, beautiful in feature but, to my thinking, a little classical, reserved, and cold. She was still in fullest command of her entrancing gifts, but to see her one never thought of the mistress of the "Pointed Firs," rather of a lady of a wider horizon and less individual domain. One dinner at Mrs. Fields's I cannot forget. There were but five of us seated about the bright china and gay Italian flasks. Mrs. Bell was there, daughter of Rufus Choate, child of genius—as Mrs. Fields called her—whose bubbling wit had rocked Boston for a generation. Like Dr. Holmes, she detested the country and her parting message to a rural friend, "Kick a tree for me," had gone the furthest rounds. George Woodberry was there, teacher

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of beauty and poet of rich involuted cadences, and the guest of honor, President Taft. The two ancient ladies were like players of swift badminton, good talk, winged retorts, quips, jests, and stories flew back and forth, and for two hours I watched tears of laughter stream down Mr. Taft's substantial cheeks.

The burly figure of Edward Everett Hale no longer shadowed the Common in those days; the talented, agreeable, and lazy Aldrich had passed on his way, but "Marjorie Daw" was very much alive and the "Bad Boy" still romped and capered through New England. "J. S. of Dale" who, as Frederick Jesup Stimson, had not begun his diplomatic career, was in the background, distinguished and aloof. Old T. W. Higginson, "Twigginson," as the irreverent called him in differentiation from other Higginsons, still lived on in his abolition memories.

Perhaps the bulkiest figure in the literature of those years was John Fiske, who wrote history for all to read. To an editor he was a lure and a torment. Invariably behindhand, if the deadline were a Monday, serial postals would come from him imploring, promising, swearing copy would come Wednesday, Friday, the following Thursday. A great chronicler, a magnificient interpreter and as a procrastinator, a nonpareil!

I SHOULD like to write of Dr. Crothers, pastor of a unitarian flock and President Eliot's favorite preacher. Admirable in the pulpit, a discursive essayist without equal, he was his own encyclopedia of prose and poetry and the errors of his copy were almost as versatile as his charm. Was ever appearance as disarming as his? His great head was an oval perfect as an egg, and from out it peered the eyes of an unweaned child. In those days, Judge Grant and Barrett Wendell were famous men about town. Among unyielding conservatives Wendell stood supreme. "Did you," he inquired of a friend on a street corner, "ever hear me admit an improvement in the world?" "Surely not," "Did you ever hear me imply that progress did not lead downhill?" "No, certainly." "Thank God," said Wendell and strode off.

Let me close this paper with a toast, respectful and affectionate, to the literary spinsters of New England. Good cause have I to be thankful to them. I think of Miss Amy Lowell of preposterous manners and a golden heart. Her imagist verse was an appeal to the eye whereas only the rhythmical memory of the ear can transmit verse to posterity. Her poetry may have been temporary but it was talk wherein her real genius lay. She talked for victory, the rest of us to save our skins; endless disputation broken by hilarious laughter while the smoke of olympian cigars breathed incense over the field of battle. Neither of her famous brothers could talk her down; always resolutely and wisely they avoided the fray.

I think of Miss Florence Converse, the best friend an editor ever knew, poet, dreamer, picker-up of dropped stitches, whose theology is ancient as her social theories are novel, but whose intense beliefs never cloud the clarity of an editorial judgment. With her we still have Miss Alice Brown, fashioner for fifty years of human stories, never trite, and full of accurate portraiture. Then there is Miss Alice Gould, self-exiled to Spain, rescuing, one by one, scores of the sailors of the *Santa Maria,* and *Niña,* and the *Pinta* from the ocean of oblivion, giving to each the background of two centuries, and attaining her immortality in a hundred footnotes.

Here is my last toast. To the dear memory of Miss Louise Imogene Guiney. Born a Catholic, living in pitiful poverty, she early repudiated "the black arts of mathematics and sewing." Every hour she could steal from her employment, she squandered upon the origins of English poetry, coming to rest at last in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Her own exquisite, gay, but not unintricate verse attracted quiet attention and, at the behest of a group of famous men, Holmes, Gilder, Stedman, and Aldrich, she was appointed to the singularly unpoetic office of Postmaster at Auburndale, Massachusetts. The good Protestants about, in fear for their souls, refused to take mail from her Papistical hands but the storm of anger arising from this incident ended it. Finally Miss Guiney struggled to England to find her paradise in the Bodleian. "I came to England." she wrote, "not for excitement, not for vogue, but for the velvety feel of the paths underfoot like moss of a forest floor to a barefooted child."

All these years she had loved New England. Now she had gone home.

The Sign

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

HE was a working man, and he was tired,
He sat before the fire he had lit,
The island, the whole ocean, and the silence
Were leaning in against the light of it.

He was not looking for a sudden fissure
To split the night and show eyes looking through,
He had hands to warm and clothing dampened
By his sweat and by the evening's dew.

But crack the sky did. First he heard it coming,
A whistling like strong winds, and then it came,
It struck the burning oak and splashed the forest
With the sparks and embers of his flame.

There was a cry beyond all human fierceness
In the shattered bowels of his fire,
And the something went back upward screaming,
Dropping burning coals as it went higher.

A blazing brand went off above the tree tops,
Lonely and appalling, giving light
To what might monstrously be pinions,
The crying slendered out along the night.

The man sat on. But he would never after
Be a man who felled and hewed plain trees,
Had common children, and took simple honey
Out of the tenement houses of his bees.

There would be wild things slain and full of honey,
Mysterious stones piled up like a mounting stair,
Wherever he might lay his head in resting,
And bright ones coming down it pair by pair.

His plowing would be like an act of worship,
He would be a man who bends and woos
When he picked the smallest of his apples
Or brought the lambs home bleating in the dews.

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A Literary Who's Who

Resplendant Acorns from Old Oaks

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Billy Phelps

NEW ENGLAND has traditions. I recommend a pocket-size book just published, "Anglo-American Literary Relations," by George Stuart Gordon, who died in 1942. He was President of Magdalen College, Oxford, had been Professor of English literature, and had made a specialty of American literature. On his deathbed he gave to the British scholar, R. W. Chapman, his notes on a series of lectures which Mr. Chapman has edited and prepared for publication. A footnote shows Professor Gordon had read with profit the late T. G. Wright's "Literary Culture in Early New England 1620-1730," a very important book, perhaps too little known. In addition to the universally known "Autobiography" of Franklin, Professor Gordon emphasizes the beautiful literary portions of the writings of Jonathan Edwards, Cotton Mather, and John Woolman, and after quoting from them says, "Surely I am reading literature."

Professor Gordon remarks also on the great influence of Bishop Berkeley, who will always be associated with Rhode Island and Connecticut (arriving 1729), and says his "Alciphron" and his famous poem "Westward the Course of Empire" are the best prose and the best verse written by an English writer on American soil for two hundred years. He wrote these in a wooden house near Newport, owned today by Yale, to which college he made substantial contributions in books and in money; the Berkeley Scholarships are still awarded every year to undergraduates. Yale also owns the famous painting of Berkeley and his family, where the artist, like Fra Lippo Lippi on the Coronation of the Virgin, included himself.

As Dr. Wright had pointed out, from the very beginning New England had books. Every ship brought them, for many of our settlers ordered books from Europe.

Incidentally, it is interesting to see that Professor Gordon speaks in the highest terms of the state papers of the Continental Congress, "which travelled over Europe and produced astonishment there." In 1774 "The Great Chatham" said in the House of Lords that they were unexcelled by any nation or group of men in history and added. "I have read Thucydides." Professor Gordon himself says, "From Alexander Hamilton and *The Federalist* I learn more, I find, than from any other book of statecraft whatsoever."

We Americans do not always remember that in the eighteenth century we had writers of great ability who created traditions. In the last part of the book, Professor Gordon expresses supreme admiration for Mark Twain and quotes with appreciation two pages from Stephen Benét's "John Brown's Body."

I believe the *proportion* of men and women of culture in the Colonial population of New England was higher than it is today.

Well, we are not so badly off in 1943. Leaving out men and women on faculties of the leading colleges of Connecticut, Yale, Wesleyan, Trinity, the University of Connecticut, and Connecticut College, yet remembering that our professors have written many books that belong to literature as well as scholarship, consider the list of writers now living in our small state. I name them in alphabetical order, because the alphabet is the only thing in the world absolutely safe for democracy. F. P. Adams, James Truslow Adams, Charles Beard, Mary Beard, Van Wyck Brooks, Erskine Caldwell, Henry S. Canby, Le Grand Cannon, Stuart Chase, G. H. Coxe, Wilbur Cross, Rachel Crothers, Edna Ferber, Robert Hillyer, Brian Hooker, Helen Keller, Percy Marks, William McFee, Westbrook Pegler, Chard Powers Smith, Julian Street, Carl and Mark Van Doren, Hendrik Van Loon, Percival Wilde, Thornton Wilder.

The well-beloved F. P. A. has produced many poems that admirably illustrate Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry—they are a criticism of life. They are also an important contribution to the literature of wit and humor; he is an apostle who exemplifies his creed; although his poems are full of the comic spirit, as works of art they are to be taken seriously.

James Truslow Adams's numerous works on history, in which America is interpreted to the world, and the British Empire to America, give him a high place in contemporary literature. The same is true of the historical works of Charles and Mary Beard, although their emphasis is perhaps more on economic and social movements.

Van Wyck Brooks, in "America's Coming of Age," "The Flowering of New England," and "New England: Indian Summer," has produced works that will be read and consulted for many years to come.

Erskine Caldwell's pictures of life are geographically distant from New England, though his individual characters can be found almost anywhere in the world.

Henry Canby, in his "Life of Thoreau" and many other books, and literary essays, has skilfully interpreted the independence and character of New England.

Le Grand Cannon, by his novel, "Look to the Mountain," has reached a place among America's leading living novelists; this book is not only a contribution to the history of the pioneers of New England; it is literary art of distinction.

THE Hon. Wilbur Cross, famous Governor of Connecticut, made his Thanksgiving proclamations literary classics; and when his autobiography appears this autumn, it will be a revelation of the New England spirit.

Our famous American novelist, Edna Ferber, followed up her novel on Connecticut by coming to live in our state. In "The Girls" (1921), she illustrated a double transition, the transition from many clothes to few, and her own transition from an entertaining teller of tales to one of the leaders in contemporary fiction. The book that chiefly concerns us here is "American Beauty" (1931) which displeased some readers, but which happened to be a true picture of the New England life she described.

As a master of satire and invective, combined with a brand of patriotism, Westbrook Pegler's writings make Ci-

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Kitchen-Living Room of the Hathaway House, Salem.

cero's orations against Catiline seem like compliments.

Chard Powers Smith has published several volumes of poetry and prose, and is a firm believer in the conservative values of the New England character.

I like to mention Julian Street, because he wrote the funniest book I have ever read—"The Need of Change." If that did not interpret America to England and England to America, nothing could.

Thornton Wilder, three times deservedly winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the only person to win it in two different fields, gave in his play, "Our Town," a marvelous picture of daily life in a New England town; and by the same methods, in "The Skin of Our Teeth," applied realism, humor, and the art of the theatre to the history of the world—the macrocosm after the microcosm.

Other names on the Connecticut list need no description; they also add to the honor roll of our state.

BOSTON in the nineteenth century has been set forth with ironical emphasis in George Santayana's "The Last Puritan" and John P. Marquand's "The Late George Apley." Seldom has a society so recent and yet which seems so remote been depicted with such skill.

Dorothy Canfield, who, like Dostoievskli, found that a village was often a better place to study human nature than a city, has turned her natural gifts, enlarged with a magnicent education in France, to depicting more than once life in a New England village. She has also brought to life many episodes in history, like Shay's Rebellion, which she found full of significance; though I remember a ridiculous story about it. Years ago a Yale undergraduate, fearing something about it would appear on his exam paper, went to the genial editor of the *New Haven Register,* Col. N. G. Osborn. The following dialogue took place. "Colonel Osborn, I have come to you for some information on Shay's Rebellion." "Why don't you ask your professors?" "I have, but they say they don't know anything about it." (Perhaps they wanted to get rid of him.) Then Colonel Osborn said, "In only one respect am I unlike your professors. They don't know anything about Shay's Rebellion; I don't know anything about Shay's Rebellion; but furthermore, I don't care a damn about it."

Mary Ellen Chase has written admirable novels about the clipper ships from Maine, and about the Maine seacoast, "Mary Peters," "Windswept," etc. But I think her highest achievement was in the short novel of southwest England, called "Dawn in Lyonesse," a literary masterpiece. Kenneth Roberts has also specialized in Maine, and in "Northwest Passage" gave a thrilling account of the journey through the wilderness, the story, if I remember correctly, including the country between Boston and Canada, through Vermont and New Hampshire.

As in the Golden Age Whittier was called the Soul of New England and Hawthorne the Ghost of New England, so in contemporary verse New England is most faithfully and beautifully (with tragedy and comedy) interpreted by Robert Frost. Prenatally original, he was born in San Francisco and attained early fame in England. But he is chiefly known as the voice of New England. His poems are known wherever English is spoken; and his latest book, "The Witness Tree," is his best. When his second volume appeared in London, Amy Lowell wrote, "Poetry burns up out of it, as when a faint wind breathes upon smouldering embers." He is our representative and foremost outdoor American poet.

Other New England poets of today are Robert Hillyer, who occupies the chair at Harvard held so many years by Francis J. Child; and who writes about poetry as well as writing it. Robert Peter Tristram Coffin, of Maine, another well-known American poet, won the Pulitzer Prize for his book, "Strange Holiness." David Morton, of Amherst, has written many beautiful poems about nature; he is not only observant, he is truly spiritual.

Connecticut Rondel

By Marion Canby

HE shakes his mane upon the breeze
And gallops through the grasses;
He does not like the encircling trees—
He likes to see what passes.

He trots along much at his ease
And snatches as he passes,
Then shakes his mane upon the breeze
And gallops through the grasses.

He does not like the buzz of bees
That fades and then repasses;
He loves the open swish of trees
And the wide hum of grasses:
He shakes his mane upon the breeze.

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SRL Panel by Pierotti

Some of the Authors Who Dot the New England Landscape

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POSTERITY Looks Back at the Critics

THE WRITINGS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON (May 25, 1803-April 27, 1882).

"OUR third happiness was the arrival of a certain young unknown friend, named Emerson, from Boston, in the United States . . . he seemed to be one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on."

—THOMAS CARLYLE, *letter to his mother, 1833.*

". . . the Calvinists and Unitarians have been battling with each other. . . . This has now very much subsided; but other wandering of mind takes the place of that, and equally lets the wolf into the fold. A young man, named Ralph Waldo Emerson, a son of my once loved friend William Emerson, . . . after failing in the every-day advocations of a Unitarian preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out."

—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, *"Diary," 1840.*

"The effort of perusal is often painful, the thoughts excited are frequently bewildering, and the results to which they lead us uncertain and obscure. The reader feels as in a distracted dream, in which shows of surpassing beauty are around him, and he is conversant with disembodied spirits; yet all the time he is harrassed by an uneasy sort of consciousness that the whole combination of phenomena is fantastic and unreal."

—FRANCIS BOWEN, *Christian Examiner, 1837.*

"This Emerson is perhaps far less notable for what he has spoken or done, than for the many things he has not spoken, and has forborne to do. With uncommon interest, I have learned that this, and in such a never-resting locomotive country, too, is one of those rare men who have withal the invaluable talent of sitting still! . . . What Emerson's talent is, we will not altogether estimate by this book. The utterance is abrupt, fitful; the great idea not yet embodied struggles towards an embodiment. Yet everywhere there is the true heart of a man; which is the parent of all talent; which without much talent cannot exist."

—THOMAS CARLYLE, *Preface to "Essays by R. W. Emerson," 1841.*

"Belongs to a class of gentlemen with whom we have no patience whatever—the mystics for mysticism's sake. Quintillian mentions a pedant who taught obscurity, and who once said to a pupil: 'This is excellent, for I do not understand it myself.' How the good man would have chuckled over Mr. Emerson. His present *rôle* seems to be the out-Carlyling Carlye. *Lycophron Tenebrosus* is a fool to him. The best answer to his twaddle is *cui bono?*—a very little Latin phrase very generally mistranslated and misunderstood—*cui bono?*—to whom is it a benefit? If not to Mr. Emerson individually, then surely to no man living."

—EDGAR ALLAN POE, *"A Chapter of Autography," 1842.*

"The first man I have ever seen."

—GEORGE ELIOT, *to Miss Sara Hennell, 1848.*

"Emerson's 'Essays' I read with much interest, and often with admiration, but they are of mixed gold and clay—deep and invigorating truth, dreary and depressing fallacy seem to me combined therein."

—CHARLOTTE BRONTE, *letter to W. S. Williams. 1849.*

"Much of his verse, constructed upon whims rather than under the influence of the spirit of poetry, will die out among the short-lived oddities of the day. Much of his prose, too, the product of imitation, unconscious perhaps of vicious foreign models, can scarcely be expected to survive the charm which hangs about his person and lingers in the magic tones of his voice."

—CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, *"Emerson Representative Men," North American Review, 1850.*

"Many readers give credit for profundity to whatever is obscure, and call all that is perspicuous shallow. But coraggio! and think of A.D. 2850. Where will your Emersons be then?"

—THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, *"Diary," 1850.*

"The impregnator of a whole cycle of Boston mind, and the father of thousands lesser Emersons, he is the most unapproachable original and distinct monotype of our day."

—NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, *Home Journal, 1850.*

"Emerson's writing has a cold cheerless glitter, like the new furniture in a warehouse, which will come of use by and by."

—ALEXANDER SMITH, *"Dreamthorp," 1863.*

"The majority of the sensible, practical community regarded him [1836] as mystical, as crazy or affected, as an imitator of Carlyle, as racked and revolutionary, as a fool, as one who did not himself know what he meant. A small but determined minority, chiefly composed of young men and women, admired him and believed in him, took him for their guide, teacher and master. . . . Without accepting all his opinions, or indeed knowing what they were, we felt that he did us more good than any other writer or speaker among us."

—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, *"The Religious Philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson," 1865.*

"I have heard some great speakers and some accomplished orators, but never any that so moved and persuaded men as he. There is a kind of undertone in that rich baritone of his that sweeps our minds from their foothold into deeper waters with a drift we cannot and would not resist. And how artfully (for Emerson is a long-studied artist in these things) does the deliberative utterance, that seems waiting for the fit word, appear to admit us partners in the labor of thought and make us feel as if the glance of humor were a sudden suggestion, as if the perfect phrase lying written there on the desk were as unexpected to him as to us!"

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *Emerson the Lecturer, "My Study Windows," 1868-71.*

"There is, perhaps, no writer of the nineteenth century who will better repay a careful and prolonged perusal than Emerson."

—JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER, *"The Religion of the Future," 1880.*

"I can't imagine any better luck befalling these States for a poetical beginning and initiation than has come from Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier. Emerson, to me, stands unmistakably at the head."

—WALT WHITMAN, *Autobiographia, 1881.*

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Transition in New England

The "Second Growth" of a Tradition

VAN WYCK BROOKS

The following article is reprinted from The Saturday Review, *June 22, 1940. It appeared as a preview of "New England: Indian Summer," by Van Wyck Brooks, the second in a series of volumes on the literature and culture of New England. The article is republished here by arrangement with the publishers, E. P. Dutton.*

IT was in the early eighteen-nineties that an English authoress, at a Boston dinner-table, said, "Isn't it a pity, don't you think, that all the really interesting Americans are dead?" The remark might have been phrased more happily, but, after all, this lady expressed what many of the Bostonians were thinking. Their classic age was past, or passing.

One by one, the older writers were gathered to their fathers. Emerson, Longfellow, Motley, and Dana were gone. In 1886, Emily Dickinson died at Amherst in the red-brick house where she was born. Fifty-six years old, she had been for a while an invalid and more invisible than ever; but one of her pleasures had been to listen while a younger neighbor played the piano for her in the empty parlor. Miss Dickinson hovered in the hallway, a glimmering whiteness. In her isolation, she had never heard Beethoven, Bach, or Scarlatti; and she always sent in to the player a glass of wine on a silver salver, with a cake, a flower, and a poem, a flash of the moment. At the funeral, Colonel Higginson read "No Coward Soul Is Mine," and Emily Brontë's unknown fellow-poet was carried to the grave by laborers on her father's land.

This youngest of the older writers passed obscurely, while the public fame of the others was in everyone's mouth. She had left word to have her poems burned. She had kept them in envelopes and boxes in her desk and her bureau, rolled like parchment in bundles bound with ribbons. Her sister destroyed her papers; then, struck by the poems, she saved them, in a fever of excitement. She turned them over to Higginson and the friend who had played for Miss Dickinson, and four years later they began to appear in the series of volumes that announced a unique and original American poet. Meanwhile, of the earlier writers, a few survived. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who had lost her mind, roamed about her grounds in the care of a muscular Irishwoman, drifting in and out of Mark Twain's house. Now and again, on slippered foot, she stole behind some sleeper and roused him with a sudden Indian war-whoop, or she wandered into Warner's house and sat at the piano, playing some weird refrain or quavery hymn. To those who spoke of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she often said, "God wrote it." Whittier had retired to Danvers, where he lived at "Oak Knoll" with his spinster cousins. There he had revived his old skill in horticulture and busied himself with flowers, plants, and trees; and there a visitor found him once playing croquet against himself among the many-colored autumn leaves. A vessel built on the Merrimac bore his name, and the governor and his staff went out to Danvers to celebrate his birthday.

IN Boston, the half-blinded Francis Parkman pursued his Canadian history in his shadowy study. One met Parkman pursued his Canadian history in his shadowy study. One met Parkman out of doors, with a walking-stick in either hand, hobbling at a run along the pavement, then throwing himself, to breathe, against a wall; for, although he could scarcely support himself, neither could he saunter. In his mind, for all his crippled body, he was still on the Oregon trail. Pale, with his desperate energy and his black-rimmed glasses, moving as if a demon drove him forward, he frightened the children who came upon him suddenly, lying in wait on a doorstep. But Parkman's health and eyesight had improved with age, and he wrote his finest book, "Montcalm and Wolfe," with his own hand, in pencil. Howells was only one of an army of readers for whom Parkman had made Quebec and Montreal "the beautiful inheritance of all dreamers." The birthdays of most of these aging worthies were commemorated throughout the country, and their visages were almost as familiar as those of the national heroes on coins and stamps. In the game of "Authors," the heads of historians and poets eternally rested from their labors, brow on hand. Dr. Holmes felt like Nestor recollecting his ancient comrades, Theseus, Polyphemus, and the rest; for the Saturday "club" was only a walking-stick now. As a wholesale talker, the doctor kept his end up, and he still presented his keyboard of nerve-pulps, not yet tanned or ossified, to the finger-touch of everything outside him. But the days of the conversational dogmatist, on the imperial scale, were gone forever. Johnsons and Popes were impossible in an age of science. For the rest, the veteran harper of Boston often attuned his strings now to birthdays that foretold a vacant future.

The "second growth" of New England authors scarcely rivalled the first, and that "interesting" Americans might still be living elsewhere was no great consolation to the men of Boston. Besides, could they be really interesting if they were not Bostonians? In other fields than literature, in science and philosophy, New England was certainly advancing. William James had long been at work on the "Principles of

Windswept —*Wood engraving by Thomas W. Nason*

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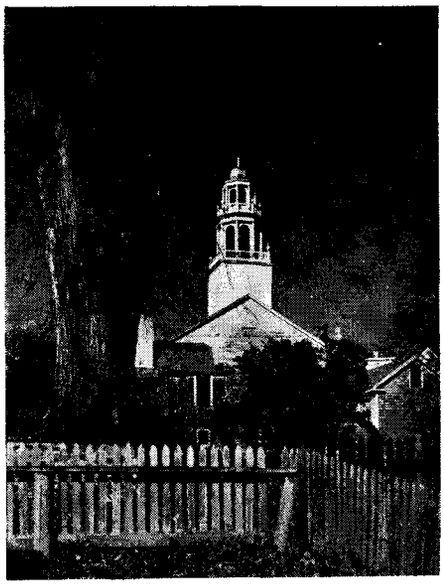
Psychology," which was to appear in 1890, and Josiah Royce had been called from Berkeley to Harvard. In California he had been the "solitary philosopher between Behring's Strait and Tierra del Fuego." Royce, whose head suggested the world poised on the body of the tortoise, was one of those "extraordinary men, too eminent for praise," as his colleague, George Herbert Palmer, called him, who were forming the great philosophical department in Cambridge. These men were new centres of agitation in the intellectual life of Boston, and as long as Holmes and Lowell survived, with Parkman and two or three others, its literary prestige was secure. Writers from afar still came to Boston with veneration and curiosity. A case in point at the moment was Hamlin Garland.

WHEN Garland took the "back trail" from Dakota, reversing the pioneer law of development, even as Royce had reversed it, Boston attracted Garland, not New York. He had come with a feeling like Howells's, twenty-five years before, and was living there on forty cents a day, reading John Fiske at the Public Library, along with Spencer, Taine, and Whitman, while his tan melted away with his corn-fed muscle. He lived in Boston several years, studying, lecturing, teaching, and he wrote "Main-Travelled Roads" at Jamaica Plain, where Parkman continued his history in the summer season. He haunted the streets with as firm a conviction that he was at the centre of the world as Henry James felt in the streets of London. But, for all this, the American centre had shifted to New York,—or was rapidly shifting, at least,—and Boston knew it. The literary leaders of the younger generation, Howells and the "Boston-plated" Aldrich, were half outsiders. They were loyal to the Boston genius, but not to Boston without the genius, which sometimes put outsiders in their places; and Howells had grown restive, although literary Boston had heaped him with all its honors and crowned him with laurels. The town that he adored was dying, the other Boston was none of his, and the young men were growing up dispirited and listless there. A Harvard student, John Jay Chapman, lay awake at night, "wondering what was the matter"—as he put it—"with Boston." Another acute observer explained it later. That Boston had "filled up" was H. G. Wells's diagnosis. Its capacity was just sufficient to comprehend the whole achievement, up to a certain year, of the human mind. About 1875, it had reached an equilibrium. Its finality was a proof of the laws of physics.



Tower of the Old North Church—Old Marblehead.

This was partly true, at least, sufficiently so for Howells, who felt a need for pastures new. Boston had been kind to him, and he held a unique position there as the confidant of writers old and young. When Longfellow died, it was Howells who was asked to look over his posthumous poems and make a last selection for publication. When Whittier cast about for someone to write his official biography, Howells was the first to whom he turned. Later, Norton asked him to write the official life of Lowell, who had offered him the Smith professorship. Cambridge could no further go than to add the name of Howells to those of Ticknor, Longfellow, and Lowell, or, rather, to suggest this honor, which Howells refused; and, when the Boston writers and artists wished to establish the Tavern Club, he was invited to form it and lead the meetings. Just under fifty, he had vindicated Holmes's joke,—the apostolic succession was in his hands; but he had lost his feeling for New England, as New England was losing itself in the rest of the country. *The North American Review* had moved to New York; so had Edwin Booth, Parkman's neighbor, who had lived so long in the town. Boston had ceased to represent the widest American interests, and the younger American writers were ceasing to come there: they were drawn to New York much more in their dreams of careers, and they carried the widest American interests with them. The Boston writers were local writers, more and more, as the years went on, as the law of metropolitan attraction gradually lost its force there. The centre of poets and thinkers had become the centre of tutors and scholars and followed the path of a greater and earlier Athens. Dr. Holmes was touchy on the subject, and the question mildly raged in the Boston press. It was observed that, whenever a Boston author died, New York at once became the American London. The Bostonians, as Aldrich said, were not thin-skinned about it. They had no skin at all.

Pilots of 1942

By Leonard Bacon

ALL the day long I hear their far bleak thunder
Over our woods, "sonorous metal" ringing,
And wonder in my soul, if the young men wonder
What this year's bringing.

Youth's intranslatable. To understand them
Is what we have forgotten. But understood
Or not, they hasten, as the fates command them,
Over our wood.

Hurling through Heaven, where is their fancy ranging?
Tennis they played once? Girls at a post dance?
Uncharted landscapes underneath them changing?
Iceland or France?

Trout in a pool rising with indolent motion
Under dark banks drifts of azalea veil?
Or what's to do over some sky-wide ocean
Where an iron whale

Comes up in the blue dusk? What do they think of,
The valiant, who to the heroic waken?
They'll take the sort of cup that they must drink of,
As it should be taken.

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New England's Newspaper World

How A Tradition Can Generate Momentum

W. T. SCOTT

VERMONT'S *Rutland Herald* on May 11 carried two and a half columns' obituary on Howard L. Hindley, its editor emeritus. Mr. Hindley had died at the age of seventy-three. A year or two ago he had retired, but for thirty-five years before that he had been the *Herald's* editor. A Vermont colleague of mine on the *Providence Journal* shook his head at the news: "Many's the time I've lifted my voice in song with Howard," he said. "Yessir, Howard, Charley Webb, some others, and I—there'd come a time during the evening, round the bottle, when we'd have to sing 'Let the Lower Light Be Burning,' And we would, too, and it was fine."

I think I had never heard of Howard Hindley before, though obviously he was famous in his own state and perhaps pretty well known, among the fraternity at least, outside Vermont; and in 1936 Hindley appears to have been widely publicized as probably Sinclair Lewis's man-in-mind when Lewis wrote Doremus Jessup into "It Can't Happen Here." In any case, the obituary made interesting reading because it summarized a newspaperman's career that is at once typical and increasingly rare. It was in some ways peculiarly New England, and it was—I fear—in most ways already dated.

Hindley was not born in Vermont; he was born in Canada. His formal education ended when he was sixteen, and at that time he got his first job—as a telegraph operator on the Central Vermont railroad. After thirteen years of railroad work, he turned newspaper writer for weeklies or dailies; at St. Albans, Vergennes, Ludlow, Montpelier, Rutland. There was a wandering, or offside, interlude (just to make this career the more typical), when Hindley for a time worked on a paper in Spokane, Washington. But by 1914 he returned to the *Rutland Herald.*

The owner of the *Rutland Herald* in those days was a man named Percival W. Clement. Clement's campaigns for the governorship of Vermont, one of them successful, were run by Hindley. As Hindley's obit says, "During many of the ensuing years he divided his time between running the *Herald* and taking part in political campaigns, although he was never a candidate for office himself."

In the course of his political journeyings, Hindley took to writing a chatter-column, *Peregrinations;* at first chiefly political, it expanded in time to include all the impedimenta, prose and verse, of an old-fashioned newspaper column, and perhaps more than any other single activity of the *Herald's* editor made famous the initials H. L. H.

Whatever the concern with politics of the modern managing editor—and it is, nowadays and wars aside, the most burning concern of any m. e.—Hindley's open and active political work, right out in the field, belongs to a past era. That is one differentiation. The other is the column. Some New England papers still have their own columnists, but on any paper of size I doubt if any of these is Mr. Big. We are more departmentalized now. Far off indeed are the days when smaller population and smaller papers and seemingly slower time permitted a dominant man, the Editor, not only to shape all his paper but write a good deal of it himself and perhaps with emphasis on matters of literature and art.

Certainly there are several newspapers, as newspapers, in New England which illustrate the gathering and presentation and dissemination of news at a higher standard of skill than ever before. Yet with everything bigger and better there is that loss, which we may be willing enough to take even while we regret it, of the colorful Editor. You get, to be sure, now and then a deliberate career of considerable talent in a small community; Henry Beetle Hough's book, "Country Editor," describes such a career and he does indeed a very fine job with his *Vineyard Gazette,* 2700 copies weekly, published from a charming, restored eighteenth century house and shop on Martha's Vineyard. To some extent that approximates the by-gone setup of which I am speaking. And I could, never doubt it, describe you a very colorful boss or two; but Mr. Big is no less departmentalized than the rest of us on newspapers—times and customs have given him indirection and a greater anonymity. It seems to me quite possible that more of the population of Rhode Island know the name of the young man who broadcasts news from the *Providence Journal* than know the name of his managing editor. (The m. e. has his compensations.)

Colophon, Middlebury College

IN Thomas Beer's "The Mauve Decade" you will find some reference to the superb editorial page of the old New Bedford *Morning Mercury.* That was the work of Zephaniah W. Pease whose death occurred only a few years ago and who, though sadly, only by a little outlived his times and customs.

For perhaps fifty years the *Mercury* was Zephaniah Pease*: it bore his stamp, and the stamp was that of an historian and a gentleman.

Pease was the authority on New Bedford history. He had watched the little sea-going town change and grow to a manufacturing city. He hated the changes, but he preserved his own elegance.

He had his big stories. Probably the first was the Lizzie Borden trial. Many years later, following the First World War, Pease was one of two editors from New England invited by the Carnegie Foundation to go abroad and survey post-war Europe. But his preferences were all in New Bedford, and his love was for its past.

Tall, dignified, Pease was something of a dandy—as, honestly, many newspaper men seem once to have been. Summer days, in white shoes and flannels, Pease would appear at the *Mercury* office at ten in the morning. He would write in longhand a column or a column and a half of editorial matter, excellently contrived; he would then proceed to "make-up" the remainder of the page—selecting and cutting from "exchanges" in the old way but with a special brilliance; reviews, verse, comment, and so on. That was the page Beer's study of the

*By footnote let it be said that there is only one first-rate lively source of newspaper history and that is word-of-mouth, renewed and passed on from old-timer to young-timer, and so on. Thus, here, I am indebted to Bradford F. Swan and George W. Potter of the *Providence Journal;* as I am in other instances to Herbert E. Slayton and Winston Phelps, also of the *Journal;* also for great assistance in book research to Miss Ruth Coombs of the Providence Public Library.

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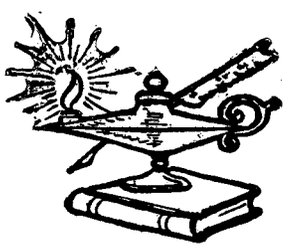
1890's paused to admire, and it was still the Pease page decades later.

Perhaps by two o'clock in the afternoon, Pease would stroll into a nearby store and sit about for an hour or so. Then he'd go back to the *Mercury* for a little more writing. His desk was right out in the newsroom along with all the others. It is said he had a gentle diffidence in giving orders and yet at times startled his younger employes with a news sense that leaped quickly just about as they'd decided the old man hadn't any.

HE was an old-school editor, resisting the modern pressures; a conservative of New Bedford's past, he was a liberal politically—a combination that only seems strange because we forget how frequently it occurred in other days. His news sense, certainly, was not his prime talent nor his prime interest. Pease could grow most emphatic, along with Philip Hale of the *Boston Herald,* in boosting "Moby Dick"; as both of them did in the days long before Melville's book got rediscovered, officially, in New York or somewhere, and was regiven to the American people.

The aim of Zephaniah Pease's *Morning Mercury,* and it really died when he died and has actually disappeared since, was to entertain, to stimulate. New Bedford's mill workers were not allowed to take a newspaper into the factories with them: the *Mercury* was for a more leisured class, for those with time for a decent breakfast. Its circulation was small and no doubt its extinction was inevitable (the *Boston Transcript* provides a much larger example of the same history), but it and its kind leave a special fragrance



in the history of American newspapers which, it has been observed, is not an exclusively fragrant history.

A glance over many of New England's nineteenth-century newspapers gives one to think, almost, they were reticules of culture before anything else. There were in fact times when book reviews and Sarah Helen Whitman's poetry and lengthy reports of concerts and lectures filled page one. And if they didn't make page one, beautiful letters of this sort were likely as not to carry the liveliest writing in the paper and perhaps to cause the most interest.

There isn't a more curious figure in that era than Miss Cornelia Wells Walter of Boston. Her brother, Lynde M. Walter, Harvard graduate, was impressed by Seba Smith's small, relatively inexpensive Portland daily, the first daily north of Boston and founded in 1829. So, the following year, Walter founded the *Transcript;* it was literary, cultural, conservative, and it lived that way a whole century before it had to give up. (And I can testify, as a bookish Massachusetts boy near the close of its century—in the 1920's—that nothing was more exciting than the thick Saturday *Evening Transcript.* However my elders, Messrs. Eliot and Cummings, were even then, unknown to me, sniffing at the old lady in their poetry, she had news of books and a lot of it. Whatever its conservatisms, the *Transcript's* coverage of books, painting, music, art in general, were unrivalled in New England and there is no New England paper now that in these departments comes within a mile of such coverage.)

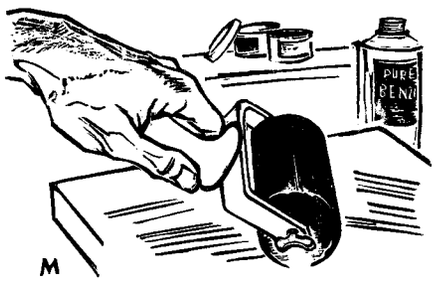
Well, for a time in the 1830's and '40's, Cornelia Wells Walter was editor of her brother's paper—"stealthily appointed," as Ishbel Ross puts it in "Ladies of the Press." Miss Walter was a firm non-believer in feminine rights. Still she served, and her beliefs in other matters were equally firm. Regretting that Lowell's poetry lacked finish, wishing that Emerson's thoughts were "more positively practical," Miss Walter got into her most famed literary feud by attacking the undoubtedly melancholy performance (as reader) of Edgar Allan Poe at the Boston Lyceum in 1845.

Poe was one to retort, and that's what kept it up. He called her, in desperation, a "pretty little witch," and so Miss Walter seems to have been; but she did not care for Poe's blandishments, even spelled with a "w." Miss Walter averred Poe was "a wandering specimen of the Literary Snob, continually obtruding himself upon public notice; today in the gutter, tomorrow in some milliner's magazine; but in all places and at all times, magnificently snobbish and dirty."

Miss Walter wrote these things in a fine hand, at home, rarely coming to the office. It was no trouble.

As editor she was succeeded by the poet Epes Sargent; and still later there were such worthies as Charles Sumner, E. P. Whipple, Wendell Phillips, and others contributing to the *Transcript.* (In the 1840's, too, though the *Transcript* was not avowedly Abolitionist, it opened its columns frequently to William Lloyd Garrison.)

Edward H. Clement's reminiscences of "Nineteenth Century Boston Journalism" (they survive in the 1906-07 files of the *New England Magazine*) preserve much of the flavor of those days. Clement was an adornment to his time and a sample of what an editor could be. Handsome, easeful, primarily interested in music, drama, and the arts, he was known as the Beau Brummel of the press. The *Transcript's* historian, Joseph Edgar Dutton, says of Clement that "his associations had the touch of elegance and of intellectuality upon them; and he undoubtedly entertained a considerable degree of contempt for solid business considerations either in politics, in public development, or in newspaper management." The wonder is that, with the rising of the Bennetts,



the Pulitzers, the Hearsts, and the moving of the world, such daintiness flowered even so long as it managed to.

No doubt the changes were really slow. You can see them in Emile Gauvreau's account (in "My Last Million Readers") of his days as a sub and rising youngster on the New Haven *Journal-Courier.* News was the coming thing, but informality still reigned; "Our staff was made up largely of Yale men working their way through college and there was a general exodus of editorial brains when Commencement arrived." (Sinclair Lewis and Waldo Frank were once among these.) And the editor-in-chief, Norris G. Osborn, tall, dark, aristocratic, paced the "news rum," as he unintentionally called it, his suspenders hanging. But the managing editor, Arthur J. Sloane, when he got a scoop—ah, as Gauvreau says, he "played the story as Paderewski might have played Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* before a favorite audience."

JAMES B. ANGELL, editor of the *Providence Journal* during the 1860's, went on to college presidencies and foreign posts, but he will be most remembered as nearly the only editor who praised the Gettysburg Address when it was news. One of his successors, Alfred H. Williams, at the turn of the century made minor but fetching literary history because of his infatuation with the Irish renaissance: he published a good deal of early A. E., Katherine Tynan, Douglas Hyde, and Yeats. In First World War times, John R. Rathom's flood of ex-

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clusive war beats carried the *Journal's* name throughout the country; and though, what with revealed official foreign tieups, there was a morning-after taste from it all, Rathom's memory, reviled and revered, is legendary.

Perhaps I have said too much of the nineteenth century's literary airs. After all, newspapers, whatever their vagaries, have always been, according to one light or another, newspapers; and they got their start as such in New England. The three oldest in the country still continuing are: *New Hampshire Gazette* (1756); *Newport Mercury* (1758); *Connecticut* (now the *Hartford*) *Courant* (1764).

When Benjamin Franklin's brother James produced his first issue of the *Newport Mercury* at Newport, R. I., he put it well: "The Advantage and Utility of a *NEWSPAPER* to the Public, is so obvious, that it requires little to be said to recommend a Thing of the Kind." No doubt the advantage and utility, other than monetary to the owners, of many a present-day New England newspaper would require a great deal of explanation. This is true everywhere, of course, and the pattern of New England newspaper history is pretty much that of the entire country. It had its, chiefly political, beginnings; it had its literary phase; it has still its solid, conservative examples; it has its sensational yellow-sheets; and it has its mediocrities.

Most astonishing is the fact that the largest city of New England has in recent decades reproduced emphatically the worst of the pattern. Twenty years ago, Oswald Garrison Villard called Boston a "journalistic poor-farm"; and that is truer now than then. The *Boston Globe's* editorials and the *Christian Science Monitor* aside, the rest is chaos.

Samuel Bowles III, the great editor who made the *Springfield Republican* a great newspaper, is another who once put something well. Bowles said he wanted a newspaper "that should stand firmly in the possession of powers of its own; that should be concerned with the passing and not with the past; that should perfectly reflect its age, and yet should be itself no mere reflection; that should control what it seemed only to transcribe and narrate; that should teach without assuming the manners of an instructor, and should command the coming time with a voice that had still no sound but its echo of the present."

That is high talk, and talk that needs some delicacy in honestly interpreting its meaning. But there have always been in New England at least a few newspapers, big and small, showing some awareness of those precepts. There still are.

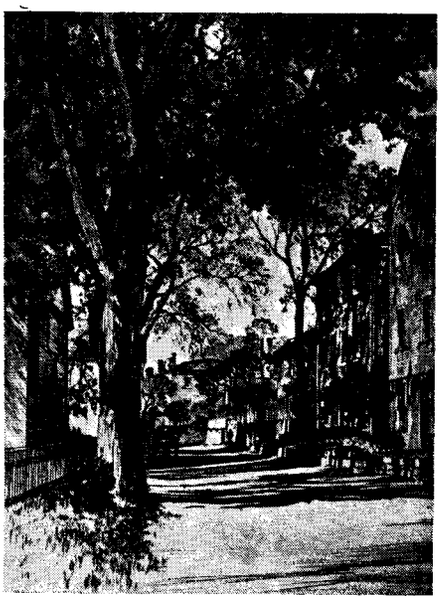
An Iowan Discovers N. E.

Telling the Story in Photographs and Etchings

RICHARDSON WRIGHT

IT may be relevant to the various fascinating picture books of New England which Samuel Chamberlain has produced to point out that he was born in Iowa of sound transplanted New England stock. Yankee nostalgia travels a far distance and persists down the generations. That he topped off his education at M. I. T. was just another son of Anteus touching the vitalizing earth. His evolution passed through the various stages of architect, student in etching abroad, successful etcher, and, having returned to this country after years abroad, now a superb photographer of the historic and picturesque. The final return of the native is marked by his residence in Marblehead, Mass. Home is the Yankee home from the sea!

Of the many volumes he has produced an appreciable group deals with American and European architecture; by far his most important contributions to our national *élan* are these little volumes of New England scenes. The list is impressive, starting six years ago with "Cape Cod in the Sun" and going through "Historic Cambridge in Four Seasons," "Historic Boston in Four Seasons," "Historic Salem in Four Seasons," "Longfellow's Wayside Inn," "Lexington and Concord," "Martha's Vineyard," "The Coast of Maine," "New England Doorways," and a larger volume, "Beyond New England Thresholds," containing 200 photographs of historic interiors.



—*Drypoint by Samuel Chamberlain*
Summer Street

Books by Samuel Chamberlain on the New England Scene *(Published by Hastings House)*

A Small House in the Sun. 1936. $4.
Cape Cod in the Sun. 1937. $3.75.
Beyond New England Thresholds. 1937. $4.
Gloucester and Cape Ann. 1938. $1.25.
Longfellow's Wayside Inn. 1938. $1.25.
Historic Salem in Four Seasons. 1938. $1.25.
Historic Boston in Four Seasons. 1938. $1.25.
Lexington and Concord. 1939. $1.25.
Nantucket. 1939. $1.25.
Portsmouth, New Hampshire. 1940. $1.25.
Old Marblehead. 1940. $1.25.
Martha's Vineyard. 1941. $1.25.
Cambridge in Four Seasons. 1942. $1.25.
The Coast of Maine. 1941. $2.
New England Doorways. 1941. $2.

These camera impressions and panoramas can be approached from four angles: from the point of photographic art, from the skill with which his lens captures the *genus loci,* from the commendable brevity of the foreword to each of his volumes, and from the amazing degree by which this Yankee-once-removed can stir a feeling of home-sickness in other Yankees who are far from their native streets and corrugated coasts.

To the composition of his photographs he has brought both the architect's appreciating eye and the etcher's subtle handling of chiaroscuro. Whether it be sharp summer sun or bleak winter or enveloping mists, all his photographs display a high uniformity of contrasts and values. They deserve the same type of acceptance that has been accorded his etchings both here and abroad.

Before one can capture the spirit of a place he must have a penetrating familiarity with it. Some of New England is raw and drab, patched and tumbledown; by no means is it all historic nor its houses of noble proportions. There are slattern sections and hideous towns. It has been Mr. Chamberlain's privilege to choose what he would picture, but so glamorous is his

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approach that he could even find romance in the mean by-ways of Lowell and New Bedford. Often the romantic eye sees deeper than the realistic.

Since his pictures speak for themselves and are, in the main, "American landmarks," they require no support of elaborate texts. Simple captions suffice. His forewords have the brevity that used to characterize those of another New Englander: it was not without envy of his skill that what Thomas B. Mosher of Maine wrote before his precious volumes of *The Bibelot* were called "dinky toy prefaces." Chamberlain doesn't try to crowd too much history into tabloid form. He says just enough to be polite, to state the main facts, and then he opens his portfolio of pictures.

It is said that if you allow a New Englander to touch Cape Cod every three years he doesn't worry where he has to live in the meantime. Lacking that re-energizing, give him a Chamberlain book. I tried his "Coast of Maine" on a Maine-born wife and for three days her conversation was peppered with nostalgic repetition of "Wiscasset," "Boothbay Harbor," "Rockland," "Vinal Haven," "Penobscot," and "Chebeague." There was nothing to do about it until her Maine fever had burned itself out. In due time she returned to contentment with her lot.

So it would happen to anyone born in any of Mr. Chamberlain's pictured towns who chances to see his books. It will even happen to one who has merely visited them. The *furore novae-angliae* is one of the most pronounced and far reaching of our sectional manias. Its architecture has spread across the continent and even invaded the South. New England doorways and even what you find beyond New England thresholds are as much at home in Oregon, Illinois, and Texas as they are on Beacon Hill and the elm shaded streets of Portsmouth, East Windsor, Deerfield, and Cambridge.

Mr. Chamberlain played no favorites in his New England and his acquaintance with it extends from the New York state line to the Canadian. He is as well acquainted with the sophisticated towns of lower Connecticut as with the forlorn and wilderness stretches of upper Maine. He knows its farm lands and its fish wharfs, its swift rivers and sleepy bays and the folded shadows of its green mantled mountains. He is steeped in its history. His books form a worthy tribute from an Iowa-born Yankee to the land of his forebears.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *All the photographs in this issue, including the cover, are from the various books in Mr. Chamberlain's series on New England.*

The Myriad Ghost

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT is time, the ghost said,
It is time for the dead
who throng overhead
that truth be said. . . .
When heaven was red,
with hope fled,
with the bolt sped,
and all was dread
save frantic will
to die and kill,
then was our fill
of life's ill;
yet then was the mill
that ground us, still,
and a light around us shed. . . .

Now they rave;
orate on a grave;
exhort, for the brave,
those our lives gave
a singing stave;
the fool and knave
and those who pave
the streets of Hell,
bluster and yell
of what befel;
while others sell
for a panacea
brewed by Medea
the blood shed when we fell. . . .

We shudder; we sway
in a wind's way;
we strive to say—
who may not return—
our thoughts burn
that at last you learn
what the thing you would buy,
that for which you would die,
truly may be—
your Liberty!

For your wish we died
in the Isles of the Sea,
who by rich men's fears,
orators' tears,
and all who deride
in vain pride,
were in our land
bound foot and hand—
and by soft and kind
bound heart and mind. . . .

Behold our host,
the fleshless ghost
whispered then:

We were fighting men.
Men of our will
are fighting still.
For ourselves alone?
For a system shown
callous and cold
to young and old?
for the sottish laugh
at the Golden Calf?
for the old sneer,
for the cold fear
of hunger and pain
that the rich reign,
the small of mind,
the deaf and blind?

We hear them shout
who wield the knout,
seen or unseen,
our ranks between. . . .
Were our deaths to mean
this? Is it all
new festival
of the old greed?
Is that, indeed,
our applauded meed?

Like waterweed
in a stream unstayed
the ghost swayed.
He was disarrayed,
a man unmade,
shadow of a shade,
thinned and grayed,
by our rant betrayed,
in wounds paid.
Blood, smoke and fire,
smeared him entire,
his face a strain
ground in the grain;
savagely slain,
he had naught to gain;
none could him sain
save his peers in pain.

In jungled Bataan
his blood ran—
Corregidor Bay,
Wake or Midway?
Had the Solomons'
blistering suns
burned him once,
where death stuns?
Do ghosts say?

I saw an host
gather round that ghost.
I saw them pass
like wind in grass
through men alive—
who yet shall thrive,
our God hath said,
now fear is fled—
now dawn is red
'twixt the quick and the dead!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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On Henry James's Centennial

Lasting Impressions of a Great American Writer

WITTER BYNNER

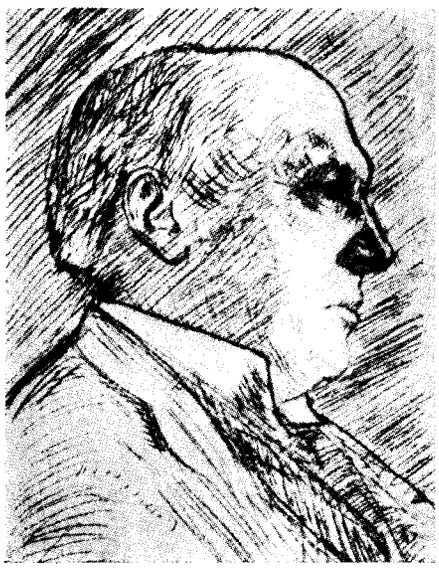
I FIRST met Henry James in New York in the summer of 1904. He was a thick-set, low-moving presence of sixty, with a nervously benevolent face and the hesitantly considered, clausified speech which I might have expected from acquaintance with the literary style of his later days, save that most authors do not speak as they write. He did.

At the risk of seeming to exaggerate, let me, from notes made after we parted, record the first paragraph of length which I heard from his lips, a troubled paragraph about a cold he had contracted between the train from Boston and the New York house where he was visiting. I make no attempt to reproduce with punctuation or syllables of pause his vocal groupings and painstaking allotment of words to their places.

> I had brought availably with me [he said] two overcoats, one somewhat heavier and one somewhat lighter, and in Boston I had worn with comfort the somewhat lighter overcoat and was carrying, for possible immediate need in New York, the slightly warmer overcoat on my arm. All had gone well, until I found myself here, seated in a cab beside my friend, David Munroe, known to you doubtless as a fellow-editor, albeit much older, editing, yes, *The North American Review,* and so faithfully replete with welcome and so instantly exacting of responses that I was only vaguely, though venially, aware of my impulse and need to doff the somewhat lighter overcoat and to don the slightly heavier overcoat, which I by all means should have done, to be sure, on account of a rapid change in temperature, or else a difference in temperatures at the place where my journey began and the place where it ended, or perhaps merely a change in hour, but a change all in all, —and, as I have noted, my good friend, David, so engrossed me in greetings and reminiscences and interrogations that I continued, despite a disquieting chill in my marrow, to wear the somewhat lighter overcoat, protecting only one arm with the slightly thicker overcoat, which I should assuredly have been wearing in order to avoid this probably thus avoidable touch of influenza with which I must begin my—under otherwise auspicious aspects—visit to New York, and all, let me charge, on account of your beastly, and by me long foresworn, climate.

Anyone doubting my approximate veracity in this attempt to reproduce the involved plaint made to me many years ago might consult Edith Wharton's account, in "A Glance Backward," of Henry James inquiring directions on a motor-drive in England. Mrs. Wharton and the Appleton-Century Company have kindly permitted me to quote from her.

> My good man (James would like to inquire of an aged countryman) if you will be good enough to come here, please; a little nearer—so. My friend, to put it to you in two words, this lady and I have just arrived here from Slough; that is to say, to be more strictly accurate, we have recently passed through Slough on our way here, having actually motored to Windsor from Rye, which was our point of departure; and the darkness having overtaken us, we should be much obliged if you would tell us where we are now—



Henry James

and still other winding approaches to his final question, the whereabouts of the King's Road, a question answered by the countryman, "Ye're in it."

To my friend, Henry Harland, was due in large measure Henry James's cordial attitude toward me both before and after our meeting. Harland had warned me that I might find James fidgety and at first difficult. Even after a seasoned liking between the two novelists in England, the Harlands had told me of the older man calling on them in a cottage there and, saying always that he could stay but for a moment, remaining for an hour perched uneasily on the edge of a piano-stool, overcoat still buttoned and hat in hand. I could not but remember this unhygienic procedure of his in England when I heard later about his overcoats in New York. Yes, James had odd mannerisms; but from the first to the last of my exchanges with him in person or in letter, I was never sensible of constraint either on his part or mine. Once I hopefully sent him my first book, "An Ode to Harvard." Here are some excerpts from his response:

> What an inhuman brute you must long have thought me! I have been, have had to be, deadly silent all round for the last couple of years—for I have been immersed in a job of which the sustained rigour, admitting of no compromise and no break, has dishumanized or dissevered me (from the life about) in a monstrous or remorseless fashion. I undertook some time since a collection (or selection) revised edition of my productions, with long prefaces, to the extent of 23 thick volumes, & the pressure of this (my minuteness of revision proving a colossal task, as I think it is in fact an absolutely unique achievement—which ought to incur some critical attention worthy of the name—) drove correspondence & contacts & social joy—all other employments of the pen, at any rate, in particular, completely to the wall —so that I had simply to stop my ears & blind my eyes; groaning at the odious appearance I presented, but nevertheless holding my course. My letters are all unwritten & my friends mostly alienated & vindictive; but the particular job I recklessly (as regards labors involved) proposed to myself is performed (all will very presently have been) to the last shade of a shade.

AFTER our first luncheon at The Players, I secured James a card to the club, and several times he arranged our late lunching there, "giving me very mercifully till *two* o'clock," he would write, "and then we can make out a genial hour together." Nearly two years later, October 27, 1905, he sent me this word from the Reform Club in London, "I have lost no echo of that kindly buzz of The Players, no moment of my immersion in which failed to fall on my ears like genial music." At one of these luncheons he had remarked,

> You are insolently young, but I approve of you. You do not treat me as I was recently treated in Boston by some vague and amiable young men, who grow always more vague and more amiable, I imagine, toward eleven o'clock in the evening. Bidden to set a night for dining with two or three of them, what was my stupefaction when I found myself confronted by a huge banquet, with peaches on the table, and a toastmaster, and that sort of thing —extravagant magnification.
>
> 'Twas my most troublous experience since being lured into a reception somewhere for one of your considered poets. I had pictured a handshake and two or three minutes involved, for I had elsewhere to go; but there was a very long

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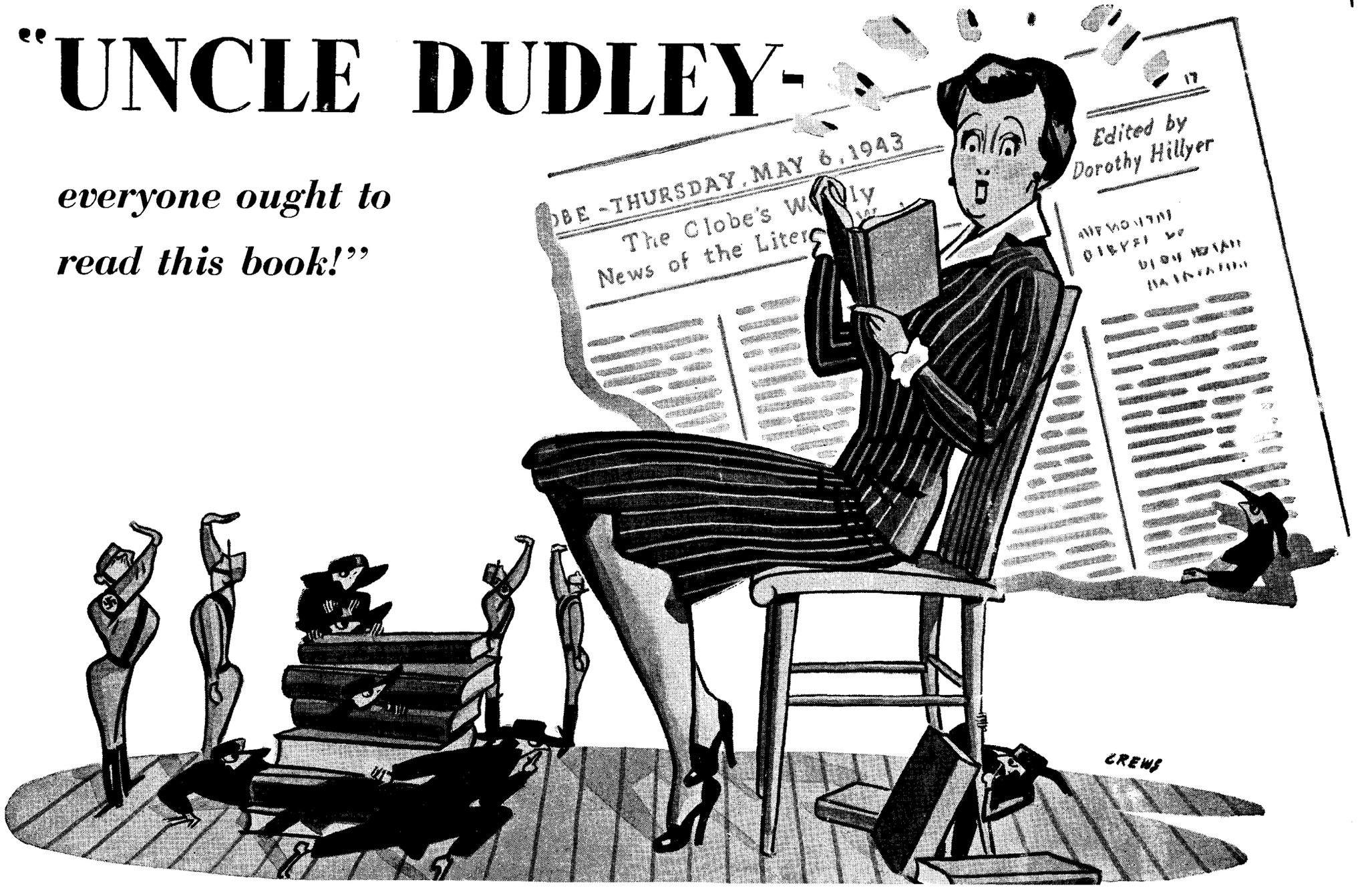
"UNCLE DUDLEY-

everyone ought to read this book!"



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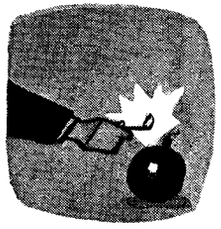
Writes Niece DOROTHY HILLYER,

the Boston Globe's Literary Editor:

OPPENHEIM NEVER LIKE THIS THRILLER ON NAZI SPY RING



Passport to Treason—

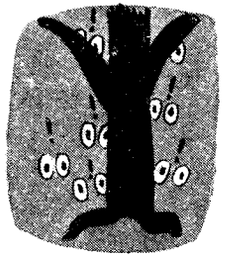
by ALAN HYND: *McBride, $3*

Last Sunday night the voice of hands you love to touch burned the ether with its "must" book of the week, "Passport to Treason, the Inside Story of Spies in America." It is appropriate that Winchell, who hands out tidbits of what is apt to be not gossip but gospel truth, should go all out for this book. It is his dish. It is also the most fascinating reading that any old Sobersides could sit down and quibble with. E. Phillips Oppenheim was never like this. (I'm sorry, Alfred and Raymond, it's true.)

For all believers of "it can't happen here," for all lovers of Superman, for all purchasers of dime adventure thrillers, for everyday Americans who never doubt the man at the next bench, this is not only an exciting book, it's a must book. It gives names, places, dates. From men whom the Nazis couldn't use, in spite of threats of reprisal, to those they did use, from embittered students, unhappy in poverty at American technical colleges, to Alex Vonsiatsky, presumably happy in his wife's millions, from the earliest days of the Bund to the last days of convicted saboteurs, Alan Hynd has treated the Nazi spy ring in America.

Everyone who reads this book will find he knows "someone like one of these spies." More may find, like this reviewer, that they knew one of the actual agents. At least a decade ago Vonsiatsky arrived at our rural market complete in a self-designed Brooks Brothers uniform, chauffeur the same, and called himself head of the "Russian Fascist party." It only seemed funny, however shocking that may seem today.

And though we dwell on the amazing revelation of what was to us a familiar figure (of fun, so funny he's sent up for years) he is a minor incident in a vast and deadly chain, which is object lesson reading for good citizens.



DOROTHY HILLYER.

In December, 1941, the BOSTON GLOBE *announced the appointment of Dorothy Hillyer as Editor of the Globe's newly established weekly Book Page. First four months of 1943, GLOBE Book Advertising was up 13,008 lines over same period of 1942 — an increase of 389%!*

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since 1891, has become synonymous with The Boston Globe. For over fifty years Uncle Dudley's clear, common-sense editorials have not only expressed the policies and reflected the character of this newspaper but have expressed the thoughts of the majority of his readers as well. Writing of Boston tradition, the New York Herald-Tribune once said:

"There's the balloon and pinwheel man who has memorably vended his wares from the corner of Webster's fence in Commonwealth Ave. There are the swan boats in the Public Gardens — the celebrated silver free lunch dishes in Locke-Ober's Winter Place restaurant, and there are the Uncle Dudley editorials in 'The Globe.'"

Through seven decades Uncle Dudley's family of nieces and nephews has grown steadily until now they number hundreds scattered all over the world. They bring Globe readers exclusive, up-to-the-minute news and comment. Here are just a few members of Uncle Dudley's family, today:

DOROTHY THOMPSON • ERNEST LINDLEY • HELEN LOMBARD • ERNIE PYLE • FLETCHER PRATT • WILLIAM H. STONEMAN • JOHN LARDNER • JAY FRANKLIN • JOHN BARRY • POLLY WEBSTER • OTTO ZAUSMER • HENRY HARRIS • HAROLD PUTNAM • SALLY STUART • GEORGE ANTHEIL • ANN DEAN • WALTER LIPPMANN • JOHN KIERAN • SAMUEL GRAFTON • EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER • GEORGE WELLER • NELL GILES • ROBERT J. CASEY • NAT A. BARROWS • PAUL GHALI • HENRY MCLEMORE • HELEN KIRKPATRICK • RICHARD MOWRER • A. T. STEELE • LELAND STOWE • ALLEN HAYDEN • WAVERLY ROOT • CARLYLE HOLT • DOROTHY DIX • EMILY POST • JOHN STEINBECK • LOUIS M. LYONS • JAMES MORGAN • CHARLES MERRILL • JAMES POWERS • EARL BANNER • ELI CULBERTSON • GRANTLAND RICE • HAROLD KAESE • JERRY NASON • JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

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—*Etching by Armin Landeck*

Cornwall Bridge

wait irresistibly enforced on us until arrangements had been concluded for him to commence droning a poem, something about the wind it was, and there for a full quarter of an hour, while we were obliged ruefully to contemplate our broken engagements, he continued droning, slower and slower, on only three notes.

When James said something I wished to remember, I would later jot down not only its substance but, as nearly as I could, its rhythm. I was constantly fascinated by his precise manner in speaking. He selected words as a cat does morsels of food from a plate, occasionally shaking one of them away with delicate distaste. He would even flush over a slip into the wrong word and would flutter and hem and haw till he had righted himself. I wish I could remember some of those instances of oral editing; but I was so impressed each time by his discomfiture, his mortification that I would forget the occasioning word. This matters less than if he had regarded me as a receptacle for momentous utterances.

On old envelopes and slips of paper, yellowed with these thirty years, I have recently come across a few scribbled words against which I had set the initials "H. J." There was a phrase about H. G. Wells,—"immensely ingenious," and a description of a well-known American as "a virtuous little citizen afflicted with clubs for working-people, with numerous and unsightly children and with rabid declarations." He complained at the world's being full of "lady-novelists who vicitimize the supine public" and on another occasion he branded the public as "a great unthinking beast." He enjoyed The Players as "a corner of calm" and musingly murmured, over the photographs which lined its halls, "relics of mummers!" Once, after returning from the Middle West, he gave me the comment, "Chicago is full of the world;—the farther they go from it, the more they appropriate it." May it have been that Chicagoans in the epoch tried to harbor more of "over-ripe" Europe than New Yorkers did? And always I remembered, when he would send me reports from this or that section of America, his having written me from England before the visit, "All I can say at present is that I *desire* to vibrate as intensely, as frequently and as responsively as possible—and all in the interest of vivid literature." Most vivid to me of his sayings in New York, though I left it out of the apocryphal interview I subsequently published and had almost left it out here, was this: "Women are cats, and men are women."

When Miss Jeannette Gilder, editor of *The Critic,* suggested that I contribute an interview with James, I told him of my having from time to time recorded what he said and asked him if I might try to compile from my notes a few pages in the form of more or less connected monologue. He acceded,—writing (December 24, 1904), "I find it in me to melt and relent toward you—so put me to what further ordeal (of sending on proof and suchlike) you absolutely must." Later he wrote (January 5, 1905) "*Don't* submit it to me—I shouldn't know how to participate little *enough,* and I had much rather participate, frankly and freely, in you as yourself than in you—as not yourself!" Before long "A Word or Two with Henry James" had appeared in *The Critic,* and he wrote me about it from the South.

> Forgive me this horrible public paper, the sign of my demoralized & travel-stained state. I am leaving this place in an hour or two & can't again unpack anything properer.
>
> I have your note telling me that the thing is out at large & am moved while thanking you for the information, to reply that if you can stand it—this more or less indecent exposure—I will try to. Don't please, however, ask me to read it—even to "see" it: I gather in fact that you have that superiority. There are things I won't see.—Success in life today, I think is measured by the degree of one's cultivation of the art (an exquisite one) of not seeing. All except here, for instance, where there is real balm for the rightly averted & the rightly directed eye . . . I could even now wish you the blessing of a taste of this Florida pleasantry of air & sea & of all nature. Still, your youth doesn't require the fontaine de jouvance in the degree of the battered age of
>
> Yours ever,
> Henry James.

AND here, reprinted from *The Critic* for February, 1905, is an "interview" with Henry James which he forgave, but, as far as I know, never read. He had come back to his native land after an absence of nearly twenty years.

A Word or Two with Henry James

"We were on foot, walking the short distance from the house where he was visiting, to The Players, the old home of Edwin Booth in Gramercy Park, presented by the actor-owner to his contemporary and succeeding associates in the arts.

" 'My renewal of acquaintance with New York a while ago,' James hesitated, 'was not to begin with altogether happy. But this return,' he nodded, 'is more satisfactory than that first pause of a day or two. I arrived in the sultry last part of August and was absolutely overwhelmed with the heat of the city and its other terrors. It was not at all the place I had known as a boy.

"Those were emphatic events in my boyhood, those visits to the theatre.

"I cannot give you an inkling of what a queer, ghostly, melancholy experience it is to go about a town and find here and there a piece of it, a fragment of it, so to speak, with great stretches between, where it has crumbled away and been replaced by size and strangeness.

"Suddenly while walking along, as we are walking now, I will come upon a house, or a block of houses or even a section, unchanged, and will discover and snugly recognize, be aware of the old town again, only to lose it all the next minute and to seem almost not on *terra firma.*

"Naturally I cannot know in a day what there is to be known about New York; even to know again what I used to know about it would take many days. Although I have an exemplary memory for rubbish, more important facts do not seem to stay by me.

"Not that I must complain of my memory; I suppose it has served me well, accurately, ardently, for the writing of picturesque trash.

"After the shock of New York in

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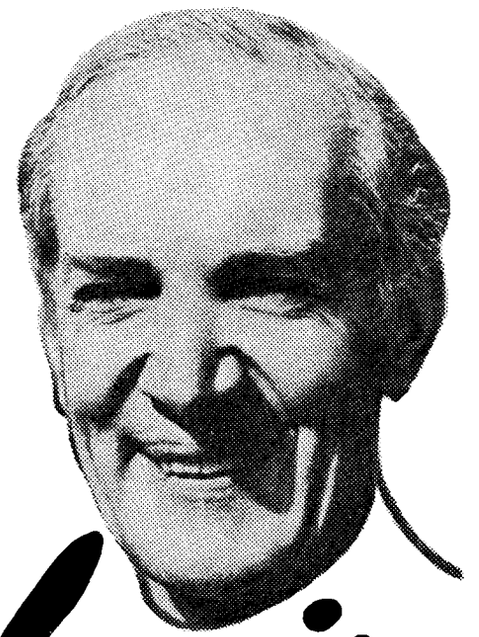
...and now
The Pulitzer Prize to



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those one or two hot days, I was glad to be back again in Boston, the city with the charm exclusively its own. Its distinction is, of course, its oneness, its completeness, its homogeneity, qualities it has retained almost precisely as it had when I was a boy, and it was a rural, or rather a rustic city, the conservative, collective, and representative capital of New England. One feels, to be sure, the disadvantages of such advantage. Boston's standard of comparison is bounded entirely by its own precincts. It is given to bidding you to swan and setting you goose. But this very stiffness, stuffiness, this very inaccessibility to a breath of outer air, produces, in however close an atmosphere, a demeanor of self-respect and of patrician dignity.

'How many men, by the bye, New England contributes to New York, and how few New York to New England! It would seem to me that, when I was a boy, not so many would leave us for New York. I remember feeling the proximity in Boston of its imposing figures, with most if not all of whom I came, through my father, in some touch, except, I believe, with poor Hawthorne. My father used to take me now and again to luncheons of the Saturday Club, active, at that time, with its gifted founders.

'Writing seems nowadays so different a matter from what it then was. I judge it may have come to much the same pass with you in America as with us in England, where training in journalism and, before that, training in public schools, has given, to a multitude, a sort of pseudo-form, a largeness, looseness, and elasticity of talk which has flooded the country with an enormous sea of chatter. As soon as any man has anything at all to say to anybody, it is puffed about the country in distended and distorted shape. To blame for this, of course, there is the accessibility of print on the one hand, and the dissemination of it on the other. All this chatter must have its uses. There must be a public for it. Indeed I have a reason or two to believe there persists a public for it.

'But I must make no statements! Sometimes I think I shall never speak again; particularly, that is, when some remark or other which I have made in all obviousness, is fostered, to my detriment, annoyance, and ill-temper by persons who have mistakenly interpreted it as a clever saying.

'I had that trial, for instance, with a chance and simple remark about my friend, Henry Harland. I make mention of it since the ghost of its murdered sense has pursued me even to America. With somebody of presumable intelligence, I was speaking of Harland's last three books and, in common with all the world, was admiring his ability to make one situation serve him thrice. I stated the mere fact that in his first book a nobly-descended young Englishman hires a castle of an Italian or Austrian princess and that the two fall in love, that in his second book, the princess hires the house of the nobly-descended young Englishman and that the two fall in love, and that in the third book, the princess and the nobly-descended young Englishman are together hiring the same house and that the two fall in love. It is as though there were a red glass, a blue glass, and a green glass, rearranged in various order. And to the artist who can rearrange the combination with, each of three times, an equally charming effect, there is a deference.

'I reminded him that I had been listening, professionally, as an appointed interviewer.

'May I remark,' said he benignly in farewell, 'that I have a constituted and systematic indisposition to having anything to do myself personally with anything in the nature of an interview, report, reverberation, that is, to adopting, endorsing, or in any other wise taking to myself anything that any one may be presumed to have contrived to gouge, as it were, out of me? It has, for me, nothing to do with *me—my* me, at all; but only with the other person's equivalent for that mystery, whatever it may be.

'Thereby if you find anything to say about our apparently blameless time together,—it is your little affair exclusively.' "

Hawthorne: Critic of Society

The Making of an American Philosophy

LAWRENCE SARGENT HALL

IT would of course be impossible to think of Whitman and his work apart from the social and political circumstances of the America in which he lived. It would be nearly as difficult to separate Mark Twain, Emerson, or even the perverse Thoreau from their social surroundings. Yet it has always been the easiest thing in the world to regard Hawthorne as anything but the product and spokesman of a democratic society. The few sympathetic critics who have understood the fallacy here seem hardly to have been heard. Herman Melville insisted, in his remarkable essay on "Hawthorne and His Mosses" that "great geniuses are parts of the times, they themselves are the times, and possess a corresponding coloring." Melville thought that Hawthorne stood almost alone as a truly American writer "bound to carry republican progressiveness into Literature as well as into Life."

Hawthorne belonged to an excitable, irrepressible, altruistic generation which took for granted the validity and importance of democracy as a social faith, and the mission of the United States as the champion of that faith. And he went in for social thinking more thoroughly than many of his contemporaries. He joined Brook Farm, for one thing, whereas Emerson preferred to stay a householder in Concord and Thoreau retired to the woods. But Hawthorne's social consciousness has been obscured by that of his contemporaries because it was less blatant. And a surreptitious habit of thought and expression has caused him to be improperly set forth for years as a romancer in art, and in life a reticent spook.

It has been truly said that Hawthorne wrote tragedy of a real and classical type. And the creation of tragedy, as Matthiessen has pointed out, requires that a writer have insight into the social order and the forces at work there. For the tragic theme consists of the maladjustment of the individual to the behavior patterns regulating his relations with fellow individuals. These considerations alone should make evident the fact that a social sense is—and had to be—a basic ingredient of Hawthorne's art. Actually, the portrayal of life in the tales and romances is as democratic as anything which nineteenth century America produced.

"The House of the Seven Gables" constitutes Hawthorne's most obvious use of American democratic philosophy as a basis for a social ethic. The theme of this romance has to do with inherited sin, the sin of aristocratic pretensions against a moral order which, in the judgment of an equalitarian like Hawthorne, calls for a tutor and higher evaluation of man. For the inheritance of the Pyncheon family proves to be no more than the antagonism of the old colonel and his world toward things democratic.

Hawthorne was a shrewd enough student of history to be aware that the Puritan society of New England had been as aristocratic in its way as the feudal society of Europe, with which he was later to have a first-hand acquaintance. He saw clearly the sharp

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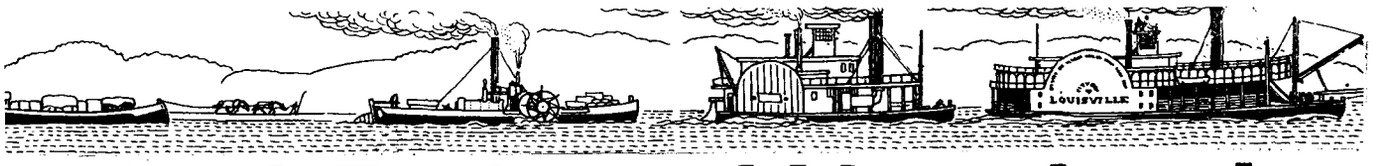
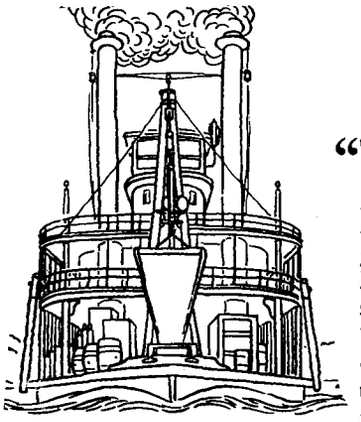


Mark Twain would have loved

PILOTIN' COMES NATURAL



CHAPTER ONE

"I THINK perhaps the majestic size of the vessel did it; the *Queen City* seemed to fill up the Monongahela River with her great hull upon which was piled a succession of sweeping decks. That day in 1911 I could not comprehend how the crew of this big steamboat imagined they were going to turn the vessel around to commence the journey from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati which my mother, my brother and I were embarking upon. The enormous smokestacks were 'broken back' on hinges in order that they would not get knocked off going under the low bridges in the harbor. Without a shade of doubt the packet was altogether too big; I had not imagined in the weeks of dreaming about this trip that we were to walk aboard such a monster; she eclipsed my wildest imaginings . . ."

THAT IS THE START

of as gay and humorous and flavorful a story of rivers and river men as has been written since the days of Mark Twain. For this is the story of a boy who fell in love with the old style of wooden steamboat which once populated the rivers of the West — prototype of the same twin-stacked paddle-wheeled boats Samuel Clemens knew.

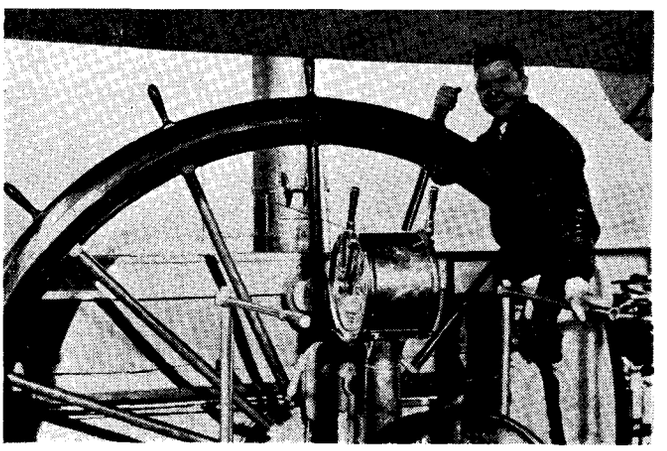
From the moment that Fred Way set foot on the *Queen City* as a boy, his life work was chosen for him. Perhaps before you read this book you will wonder why this was so. You may be puzzled as to why a lad who might have been a doctor, a minister, or a business executive could have preferred the sweat, the grime, long hours of a steamboat hand to a life of comfort; the risks and disappointments of a river pilot and towboat owner to anything he could find ashore. But when you have finished PILOTIN' COMES NATURAL, you won't be puzzled.

Old Dayton Randolph, most famed of all pilots between Pittsburgh and Cairo, summed it up once when Fred was learning the bends and rocks and mud flats, the tides and temperaments of the Ohio the hard way — from behind the big wheel. "I always kind of hate to break in a youngster to piloting. Can't never tell. About one in thirty have the right stuffings in him. The dickens of the whole proposition is that there's no predicting about it; you can't tell by looking at a fellow what sort of a pilot he'll make. Some of the big, husky fellows I've took on to learn never were any account — wasted four years at it — all for nothing. Then again, some little puny fellow who don't look like he could whip a cat, just up and comes in a winner . . . One thing certain: you can't *make* a pilot out of *anybody*; a man has to have it born in him; pilotin' comes natural."

Dayt Randolph with his hawklike nose always peering ahead from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, with his running commentary on the places and people along every river he rode (he knew the names of all the people who lived in all the adjoining counties, and he knew the bottom of the rivers like you know the palm of your hand) and especially with his wondrous Paul Bunyanesque tales of the fabulous, super-gigantic river boat *Hurronico* (she was so big that she had to have thirteen pilots all standing watch together; her piston went out in the morning and came back in the afternoon) is an unforgettable figure. You will make his acquaintance along with Captain Eb Cline, Bill Brookhart, Dutch Henry and many another old-time riverman.

The ways of the river are changing. Side-wheel paddles are giving way to screw propellers; staterooms actually have such luxuries as hot and cold running water! Freighters and tankers, with oil for our fighting men, now take precedence over excursion boats. But the rivers, and the men who live on them, are as they always were. They are in this book just as Fred Way has found them in an exciting and satisfying life.

Captain Way at the helm of "The Senator."



Pilotin' Comes Natural

By FREDERICK WAY, Jr.

Illustrated by JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, II

270 pages, index and glossary. $3.00

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cleavage that existed then between the various members of the social group. And the servants who stood inside the entrance to the House of the Seven Gables directing one class of people to the parlor and the other to the kitchen preside likewise over the social distinctions of the whole story, separating the Pyncheons from the Maules and gentility from democracy until the very end. It is Hawthorne's symbolism at its creative best.

But the Pyncheon family itself (like the illusion of property upon which still depended much of the pride that was the mainstay of their spirit) gradually became more and more attenuated as the falseness of their position was made clearer by the great movement of society toward the equalitarian ideal. In fact by the time the story proper opens, the process by which their proudly accumulated mass of possessions (spiritual and material) "shall be scattered abroad in its original atoms" is nearly complete. Their coveted estate is occupied by common people who wrest a living from it with manual labor. One of their scions has married "a young woman of no family or property," died and left as only heir to the Pyncheon prejudices and delusions a daughter of democracy.

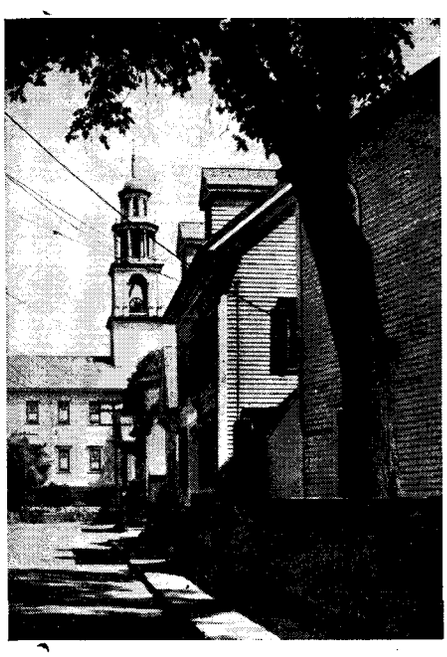
LIKE the chickens in the yard who pointedly resemble them, the Pyncheons had "existed too long in their distinct variety." In this parable is implicit all the significance of an overweening self-interest, operative within the carefully prescribed limits of one family for generation after generation. Deterioration is obvious in the blighted spinster who, with her hens and her brother, still clings to the last shreds of gentility.

Ostracism is the real legacy which Colonel Pyncheon left to his redoubtable progeny. "A man will commit almost any wrong," said Clifford "—he will heap up an immense pile of wickedness, as hard as granite and which will weigh as heavily upon his soul, to eternal ages—only to build a great gloomy, dark-chambered mansion for himself to die in, and for his posterity to be miserable in." The Pyncheons shall ultimately be destroyed by the solitude which they built for themselves at Maule's expense in the shape of the House of the Seven Gables, where the Colonel died alone at the beginning of the story and where (reincarnated in the character of the Judge) he returns to die alone at the end.

A few hours earlier while impotent, friendless old Hepzibah cast futilely about, like someone in a nightmare, for succor from the wicked Judge, it seemed "as if the house stood in a desert, or, by some spell, was made invisible to those who dwelt around, or passed beside it." Here is the tragic crux of the story. This is the bitter atonement which the family has made for the guilt which it willfully assumed for so many generations. And a few hours later—"The gloomy and desolate old house, deserted of life, and with awful Death sitting sternly in its solitude; was *the emblem of many a human heart*, which nevertheless, is compelled to hear the thrill and echo of the world's gayety around it." The House is Hawthorne's master symbol of isolation. It stands for the spiritual condition of those who by their hostility to democracy sin against what he believed to be the true moral order, and as a result become evanescent through their utter separateness from mankind.

THE theme of "The Scarlet Letter" is also that of the isolation of the human heart. The willing admission of wrong and willing assumption of the obligations incurred by her conduct, while they tend to ostracize Hester, provide her nevertheless with her proper role in the moral life of mankind, thereby making her isolation far less terrible than Dimmesdale's. By failing to respond to Pearl's insistence that he take her and Hester by the hand in the public square, the minister demonstrates a moral irresponsibility which makes his own retribution impossible.

Dimmesdale is isolated through keeping fearfully to himself his true position with respect to society. He made wretched shift with the semblance of respectability, "a being who felt himself quite astray and at a loss in the pathway of human existence, and could only be at ease in some seclusion of his own."



Spire of the First Universalist Church in America—Gloucester and Cape Ann.

It is not the consciousness of sin and guilt that fills the soul of Dimmesdale with its trance-like terror; it is the sense of the growing rift between him and society, the feeling that he has somehow become detached from life and is falling into a moral limbo farther and farther from reality and the honest existence of men. This is the misery which Hester escaped by assuming her proper relationship with those about her. In the case of Dimmesdale, the sin itself was not so demoralizing as the separation from life and his fellow men which his dissembling wrought.

Dimmesdale exemplifies the thesis with which Hawthorne was preoccupied in working out his character and his fate: namely, that "all the powers of nature call . . . earnestly for the confession of sin." The minister's desperate attempts to swim against the natural current result in complete exhaustion of the life within him. His life could have been saved only by breaking from its imprisonment in fear and "telling its secret . . . to the great heart of mankind; beseeching its sympathy or forgiveness, . . . and never in vain!" As it is, the liaison with the common heart of humanity is suspended; the seclusion and privacy of the minister's weak-willed nature is prolonged in its unnatural state so that Chillingworth can virtually accomplish his dreadful ends.

Dimmesdale rationalizes his disinclination to confess his sin before the world on the grounds that from his exalted place among men he may still render a great service, which any public stigma attached to him would at once prevent. But he is soundly rebuked by the theoretical Chillingworth, who says truthfully of those who attempt to justify their hypocrisy on this basis, that "'if they seek to glorify God, let them not lift heavenward their unclean hands! If they would serve their fellow men, let them do it by making manifest the power and reality of conscience, in constraining them to penitential self-abasement!'" This manifestation of the reality of conscience is what Hawthorne attempted in "The Marble Faun."

IN certain respects "The Marble Faun" is the complement of "The Scarlet Letter." The latter contains the study of a man outwardly accepting social taboos, sinning against them, and then shunning judgment according to them. The former is the story of a man untrained in social decorums, sinning against them, and then actuated by conscience to accept them and their judgment as the way of growth and salvation. Dimmesdale half pleads with Hester to reveal the

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE Arabs?

HOW MANY OF THESE QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

1. What is the most widely read book ever written? (No, it's *not* the Bible!)
2. Among what people is suicide practically unknown?
3. What single numeral made the modern science of calculation possible?
4. If you saw a man pick up a piece of paper from the street and tuck it carefully into a hole in a wall, would you know why?
5. What name is given to more male children than any other in the world?
6. What alphabet, next to the Latin, is the most widely used system in the world?
7. Where is bread a luxury?
8. The people of what land have successfully resisted *all* invaders and have remained virtually the same throughout all recorded history?
9. What religion is the triumph of a language and a book?
10. What people contributed most to human progress in the Middle Ages?

THE Arabs

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father of her child so that he too may share in the punishment and regeneration of a public acknowledgment of guilt. But Hester, intuitively aware that the regenerative purposes of morality are only served when that great moral instrument, the conscience, initiates behavior, steadfastly refuses. Dimmesdale's conscience thereupon proves insufficient until the scene on the scaffold at the very end. Donatello, on the other hand, demonstrates the perfect adequacy of the conscience in assuming without external compulsion his full obligation to society and the moral order. . . .

The individual acquires character and moral wisdom through using his freedom to live conscientiously. This, in a phrase, is the theme of "The Marble Faun." Behind it can be detected the broad teaching, which stemmed from the nineteenth century Evangelical Protestantism, that man was able to practise virtue of his own free will, and through the spiritual experience of such practice develop integrity. To show the individual's potentialities for growth Hawthorne wrote his story of the faun, who, living as nearly as possible in a state of natural simplicity and devoid of any consciousness of ethical principles, is transformed and educated by the activity of an innate moral faculty into a mature and civilized being.

It is "The Marble Faun" that depicts the full regenerative power of conscience in bringing the individual from the purgatorial state of isolation, which is the punishment of sin, into the saving grace of brotherhood with men.

Donatello, Hawthorne would have his reader believe, passes out of his isolation into a happier estate through conscientiously establishing his proper connection with men, through feeling all along the line the intimate bond between himself and his fellows. . . .

Nearly all of the maladjusted characters in Hawthorne's fiction are expressions of states of mind resulting from some sort of estrangement from mankind. A man's conscientious association with his brothers through the sympathetic medium of the human heart was, in Hawthorne's democratic judgment, the whole basis of the real and the moral. The spectacular discovery of Ethan Brand was simply that he was "no longer a brother man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy." His life exemplified "the sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God." It was the "Unpardonable Sin." It its suppression of the sense of brotherhood with all men, it was the cardinal sin against the principles of democracy—the "only sin that deserves a recompense of immortal agony!"

IN "Ethan Brand," "The Marble Faun," "The Scarlet Letter," and "The House of the Seven Gables," Hawthorne created truly indigenous American tragedy. It is tragedy which could have come from no one but a democratic writer. It represents to date about the most satisfactory expression in art of the basic morality of democratic life. Beside Hawthorne, Whitman was picturesque, Emerson was visionary, Thoreau was wayward. The essential elements of true democracy are harder to come at in these great democrats than in Hawthorne. There was something procrustean about their philosophy. They lopped off American society to fit their respective wills. Consequently, they tend to express not the actual conditions of their world, but ideas of their own which had grown out of these conditions into something unique in each case. Their writings are projections of three democratic egos, each different. Their work is not, in the sense that Hawthorne's is, a fidelity of the artist, an imaginative probing into the depths to find what was actually there. All three wrote more in the spirit of the inventor than the discoverer.

The vital action of Hawthorne's world is the unremitting contest between the good and evil of men's lives. This action is in part an artistic outgrowth of the maladjustment, economic and philosophic, from which he himself suffered during most of his career. It was a maladjustment that his three famous contemporaries sought to evade by going into circumstances which they had made to order for themselves.

Hawthorne conscientiously faced the positive and negative elements in the human equation. In the Puritans particularly he found bleak evidence of the contrast between man's forward-looking and his backsliding. He likewise observed in the society of his own day, and in himself as a member of that society, a similar discrepancy between what life is and what man would have it. And in reflecting throughout his writing, as we have seen, the maladjustments of nineteenth-century America, he achieved one of the finest and truest expressions of a democracy, where in their concern for the decency of human existence men are incessantly striving to adjust the promises of freedom to the permissions of morality.

The foregoing article is a selection from the book "Hawthorne: Critic of Society" which is to be published this year by Yale University Press.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Gideon Planish"

SIR:—I was considerably astonished by Professor Jones's review of "Gideon Planish," and especially by the statement "to his graceful retirement upon the presidency of the corn college." That is just what I thought he was going to do, but Mr. Lewis knew better, as I discovered by continuing to read the book.

WM. LYON PHELPS.

New Haven, Conn.

"The Fifth Seal"

SIR: Donald Ogden Stewart says, in your issue of April 24, that it is perhaps fortunate that the USSR does not have a Book-of-the-Month Club to select and distribute literature adverse to the democracies, as Aldanov's "Fifth Seal" is unfavorable to the Soviets. Does he forget that in the USSR there is not one single independent publishing house? That the government of Soviet Russia is a huge Book-and-Newspaper-of-the Day-Week-and-Month Club? That no literature whatever is published or distributed without government and Communist Party approval? He further asks what we would think if Russia published a novel portraying the American Revolution and its leaders unfavorably. As a matter of fact, Soviet Russia is full of literature of varied sorts portraying capitalist democracy very unfavorably indeed. The Soviet citizen has a weird conception of life in democratic America; he thinks that our streets are filled daily with gangsters shooting it out, that our workers are much poorer than they are in the blessed workers' fatherland, that our favorite pastime is lynching Negroes, that our civil liberties are a joke and a fraud. That is what he is told by his government's literature. Further, in answer to Mr. Stewart, the Bolsheviks themselves have printed a fairy tale characterizing the vast majority of the founders of the Soviet Union, comrades of Lenin, leaders in every field until they were purged by the Moscow trials, as agents of Hitler. Aldanov could write nothing so blackening and denunciatory as the Soviet official records of those trials.

I applaud Henry Seidel Canby's editorial opposing the suppression of any book, pro-Soviet or anti-Soviet, by any pressure group. "Mission to Moscow," for example, is a revolting distortion of the historical facts about the Moscow trials and about the Hitler-Stalin pact and the beginning of the war. But I don't think it should be suppressed. The film, of course, is far worse than the book, and neither contributes toward any real understanding of Soviet Russia, on which enduring coöoperation and peace can be based. I protest vehemently against it, but would not suppress it if I had the power to do so. The Communists, however, can never agree with the slogan attributed to Voltaire: "I disagree with what you say, but would defend to the death your right to say it."

As for the communist cry for "unity," the Soviet's break with the Polish Government-in-exile is sufficient answer. However reactionary it may be, it also is fighting against the common enemy, as are the Greeks, although they too had a semi-fascist, totalitarian dictatorship before the war. The Communists want unity only on their own terms.

LISTON M. OAK.

New York, N. Y.

"It was made in Italy. You give it a little push and it lets out a squawk and folds up!"

The Impulse That Refreshes

SIR:—I've been meaning to "obey that impulse" lo these many weeks, and at last I really will—by now there are scores of impulses piled up into a mighty desire to say "Three cheers for your editorials! Hoorah for all they stand for!" May your indignation at "Luce Thinking" and so on never grow less! I've enjoyed your magazine always, sometimes more, sometimes less, as its editors came and went, but never more than recently. Bennett Cerf is the latest bit of spice added to the whole—he's grand! And—it seems to me good policy to serve something besides reviews of books now and then. It livens things up.

MARY D. DONAHEY.

Chicago, Illinois.

Walter Benton's Poetry

SIR:—Apropos Mr. Benét's letter regarding Davidson's review of Walter Benton's "This Is My Beloved"—with all due regard for Mr. Benét's opinion of the book, I could not feel that Davidson was particularly unjust to it. Reviewing the book myself for "Voices," I could not honestly say of it more than that though "it would be a mistake to think of it as in any sense of the word pornographic," "poems of pure passion such as these suffer for the lack of everything else . . . the intimations of love are too few, and the emphasis on possession too strong. . . . There is in short too much 'ripe melon.'"

I found nothing particularly remarkable about "This Is My Beloved," and, candidly, "brave verse" in the sense of not avoiding passion, is no assurance of "good verse." Benton did well enough for as far as he went; but the plain fact is that he did not go very far. "This Is My Beloved" is not well-rounded; it is only an aspect, one facet of a human relationship. With less woo-woo, breasts, thighs, and "making honey" (I wonder if Mr. Benton is fully aware of the current slang use of that expression?), and a little more of something substantial in the way of love itself as opposed to physical possession, "This Is My Beloved" might well have been a remarkable book. It is not a matter of fear or hypocrisy at all, but only one of inadequacy in the poetry itself.

AUGUST DERLETH.

Sauk City, Wisconsin.

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TRADE Winds

THE SEARS ROEBUCK COMPANY is about to plunge into the book club field in a big way. Avidly searching for new lines to offset the millions lost through suspended production of pre-war sales leaders, the Sears organization has been quietly investigating possibilities in the book market for months. Now, with a little gentle nudging from the ever alert Simon and Schuster headquarters, it is ready to announce the launching of the Peoples' Book Club. Sears will devote as much as eight full pages of its new catalogue to this project. The monthly choices will sell at $1.66 a copy, or twenty dollars a year. They will be manufactured by the Consolidated Book Publishers of Chicago (a subsidiary of the Cuneo Press). The first selection will be distributed in September. Members will be required to take a minimum of four books a year, which will entitle them to occasional free dividends (a mode of operation lifted bodily from the Book-of-the-Month Club). The books will also be sold individually in Sears Roebuck retail outlets. Instead of distributing brand new titles, the Peoples' Club will concentrate on proven best sellers that have been on the market six months and longer. No less an authority than George Gallup will conduct monthly polls to determine what books the members really want, and then Simon and Schuster will make the necessary contractual arrangements with the original publishers. The first three choices will be "The Robe," "The Valley of Decision," and "Mrs. Parkington," in the order named. This represents a triumph of epitomizing public taste by all the big shots involved, although it must be admitted that a backward child of twelve could have arrived at precisely the same conclusion by consulting the fiction best seller lists for the past three months in any one of 255 of the nation's newspapers.

Can Montgomery Ward allow this master minding by its great competitor to go unchallenged? I suggest that *they* start a book club, too, specializing, by way of novelty, in the time-honored classics. A board of judges composed of, say, Professor Einstein, the Quiz Kids, and Jimmie Durante might make a poll of all the public libraries and come up with the startling discovery that there is a genuine demand for the works of Shakespeare and the "Pickwick Papers."

Stripped of its high-faluting "public polls" and other hocus-pocus, the Peoples' Book Club promises to be another step in the breath-taking expansion of the American book market. It will not hurt existing outlets at all, since it is fair to expect that a full ninety percent of its deliveries will be made to rural areas a hundred miles and more from a bookstore, and to people who heretofore have never bought books regularly in their lives. . . .

THE WOOLWORTH AND GRANT chain stores also have been expanding their book departments in recent weeks. Their first experiments with low-priced reprints were so successful that they now are toying with the notion of displaying $2.50 novels and $4.00 biographies. And most phenomenal of all has been the growth of the sale of juvenile books in toy and novelty stores. Three perspicacious publishers installed displays at the annual Toy Fair at the Hotel McAlpin this Spring, and sold thousands of dollars' worth of inexpensive children's books. Salesmen accustomed to selling these books in threes and fives were entranced to discover that toy buyers order things by the gross! When the war is over, and steel and tin toys are again available, this sudden interest in children's books is bound to subside, but I believe that by that time the dealers who now are handling them for the first time will have sold far too many to desert them entirely. An inevitable result of this new market will be to hasten the process of reducing the average prices of juvenile books to a dollar and under. From now on, two-dollar juveniles will be a luxury indeed. Personally, I have never understood why mothers ever were willing to pay two dollars for a copy of "Herodotus, the Herring," that dear little Junior ripped to shreds twenty-four hours later. . . .

HOME FRONT

"Before trying to understand how a vacuum tube acts in a circuit, it is necessary to learn something about what makes it operate. We must start at the very root of all matter—the *electron*. . . ."

WHERE IS THE paper coming from to satisfy these huge new demands? Publishers who maintain college text-book departments in peace times, or, like the Cuneo Press, printed hundreds of thousands of books for premium distribution, can devote the paper saved as a result of temporary cessation of such production to regular trade books. A few other houses who had banner years in 1942 still have plenty of paper left in 1943, despite the ten percent cut decreed by the W.P.B. The majority of publishers, however, are wringing their hands and wondering what they will be using for paper, come October. Some of them are hoping for special dispensation from Washington in light of the fact that they have sold thousands of books direct to the Army and Navy, and point out that they should be allowed extra paper for such business at least. One government official has countered with the suggestion that this extra paper be allotted only to firms who would sell the books printed thereon to the armed services on a strictly cash basis, plus a nominal sum for overhead. Most publishers consider this fair. In fact, they have been working out details for a scheme whereby men in service might get special editions for as little as a quarter a copy, or possibly no charge at all. A few noble patriots, however, promptly lost their passionate desire to supply the boys at the front with literature when they heard that the usual profit might have to be foregone. The publishing fraternity unfortunately has its full quota of hypocrites. They give ardent lip service to the Four Freedoms, and spell it out for Democracy in an after-dinner speech with the best of them, but in private life they behave like the most bigoted old goats in the bible belt. . . .

BRIG. GEN. TEDDY ROOSEVELT, of the Oyster Bay (who R not in season) Roosevelts, has been cited for gallantry in action in Africa, and will be sporting the silver star and oakleaf cluster award when he comes back to his desk at Doubleday, Doran after the war. . . . The Council of Books in Wartime, with the help of the Carnegie Foundation, will soon send an emissary to China. Leading candidate for the mission is Henry Holt's William Sloane, nominated by this column as 1942's Man of of the Year in the publishing world. . . . Marion Dodd, head of the well-known Hampshire Bookshop up Smith College way, is a first cousin of Frank Dodd,

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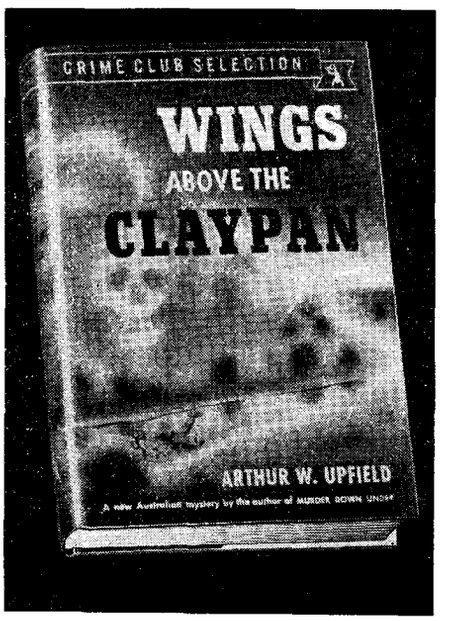
of Dodd, Mead. She is also one of the smartest and nicest ladies in the book business. . . . Archibald MacLeish has bought the old Robert E. Lee mansion in Alexandria. Next door is the old schoolhouse, unchanged, that Lee attended as a boy. MacLeish was no sooner installed in his sumptuous new home than he discovered that the plumbing was also unchanged from Civil War days. He and his family have been camping out in one room while the old pipes were being ripped out of the premises. . . . Ensign Roger Linscott, son of Houghton Mifflin's Robert Linscott, has married Lucy Goodlatte, one of the bevy of beauties who toiled for the Council of Books in Wartime. Said bevy have been whisking off to domestic bliss even faster than the Floradora sextette. Picture talent scouts might investigate the Council's Irene Rakofsky and Peggy Jones, of the New York O.W.I., before they vanish in the same direction. . . . The Heritage Club is planning a special, deluxe edition of Wendell Willkie's "One World," illustrated with photographs of some of the people and places encountered in the course of the journey. "One World" will be published in England by Cassell. . . .

I RECENTLY had occasion to introduce Clifton Fadiman to an expectant audience. "But for me," I stated confidently, "Kip might be rolling in the gutter instead of sitting astride the very pinnacle of literary eminence. Many years ago—in 1925, to be exact—we wanted a new translation made of Nietzsche's 'Ecce Homo' for the Modern Library. I asked Irwin Edman at Columbia to undertake the job. He was too busy, but allowed that one of his graduate students, Clifton P. Fadiman by name, could do it as well or better than he could himself. The deal was struck, and Kip's name was attached to a literary work for the first time."

Fadiman graciously acknowledged the truth of my introduction, but pointed out a minor error in the chronology. "It was *after* Cerf paid me for that job, and not before," he remarked calmly, "that I was rolling in the gutter!" . . . . It doesn't pay to stick your neck out with those slickers from "Information, Please!"

BENNETT CERF.



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Lowell's Moral Certitude

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. By Richmond Croom Beatty. Nashville, Tennessee: Vanderbilt University Press. 1942. 311 *pp., plus index.* $3.

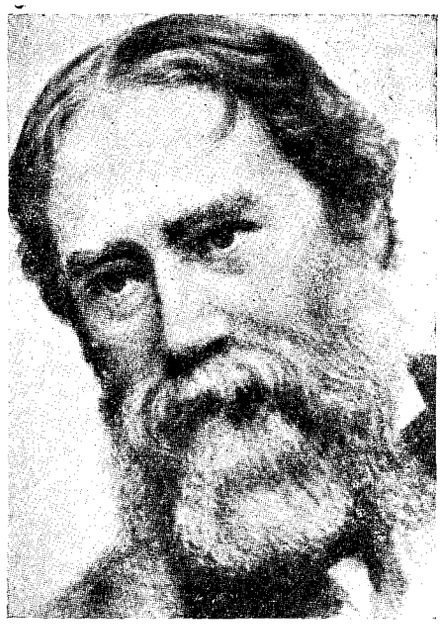
Reviewed by NORMAN HOLMES PEARSON

THE time has passed when James Russell Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" was called America's greatest poem. Only to teachers in elementary schools is there still nothing so rare as his day in June, and the gloom of a New England winter seemed to have settled about his elegant figure. Now, however, Lowell has a new biography and it is likely he will henceforth be seen in a new light.

Mr. Beatty's first memory of Lowell is in sepia, one of the "seven of them," as he describes the favorite literary Americans of the nineteenth century. "The beards of the last three [Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell] were remarkably rich, leaving nothing below the nose particularly visible, so that the name of each author had been discreetly printed beneath his face in a delicate arc." Fortunately the frontispiece to Beatty's biography shows the subject with only the lightest of youthful beards and at least the suggestion of a chin beneath. The inference is that he now sees more of his subject.

The discovery of the chin is important, not only to Beatty but to the rest of us; and for this we are grateful. Lowell emerges not only as a poet but more vigorously as a political figure and commentator. He stands with Bryant not as rhymer only but as a man of action. The vigor Beatty admires; the stand he cannot tolerate. For Lowell was an abolitionist and a moralist. Beatty is a professional Southerner and an ethical relativist. Lowell's chin comes in for a good many socks.

It is somewhat surprising to observe the Civil War refought with so much enthusiasm, and it is no mean tribute to Lowell that his writings maintain so much freshness that they can rouse such opposition. Mr. Beatty has been educated in an age of economic determinism. The same decades which stripped the First World War of all pertinent idealism are responsible also for the interpretation of the Civil War as, in Beatty's words, "a Cause whose issue was piracy," and in connection with which the abolition of slavery is to be mentioned only with apologetic blush. "It is no mere accident," Beatty says, "that the library of Harvard University, so modest in its resources before the war, is at present greater in its resources than those of all the Southern universities combined." Rereading Lowell's views that the franchise should be granted the Negroes, and that "as to any prejudice which should prevent the two races from living together, it would soon yield to interest and necessity," Beatty sees "these complacent words today with a cold and quiet amazement." "It is," he says, "the point of view of the Communists of our own era, of those bright and utterly emancipated reformers who have never been able to comprehend the meaning of tradition in a society that once respected it." Lowell might have commented in return that any review of Beatty's biography should be titled "On a Certain Condescension in Southerners."



James Russell Lowell

The issues of the Civil War occupy by far the greatest portion of the biography, serving to illustrate what Beatty terms the "fanatic" in Lowell, that moral certitude which kept him from agreeing with any umbrella-like compromise in relation to slavery and Southern lebensraum. Beatty neither likes this earliest surety on moral issues nor Lowell's later Ministerial speeches at the Court of St. James, which he dismisses as attempts to make everybody "happy and consoled." As a poet, he finds him sentimental and didactic, except for the "Bigelow Papers" which were misinformed. As a critic Lowell's allegiance to the discursive impressionism of Hazlitt and Lamb is equally repugnant, nor does even Lowell's still somewhat remarkable choice of major subjects stand him in better stead. In fact Lowell as very much more than a political commentator does not very graphically emerge from Mr. Beatty's study. Yet for his rediscovery of Lowell as a subject for biography we can be glad. It is safe to say that this book will be followed by others by different scholars, impelled in part by Lowell's own worth and in part by irritation.

Social Planners and Students

"Public Recreation in New Hampshire," a report on the history, development, administration, and financing of public recreation facilities, with a proposed plan for future systematic development and administration. An example of modern research and planning. Issued March 1943; now in second edition. $1.

State Planning Commission, Desk 14, Concord, N. H.

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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 477)

NATHANIEL WARD:

(THE) SIMPLE COBLER (OF AGGAWAM)

It is a more common than convenient saying that nine tailors make a man. It were well if nineteen could make a woman to her mind. If tailors were men indeed, they would disdain to be led about like apes by such mimic marmosets.

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The New Books on the Lists of New England Publishers

The following is a "regional" list only in the sense that the publishers are located in the New England area. As may be observed from the lists themselves, their output is in the general field.

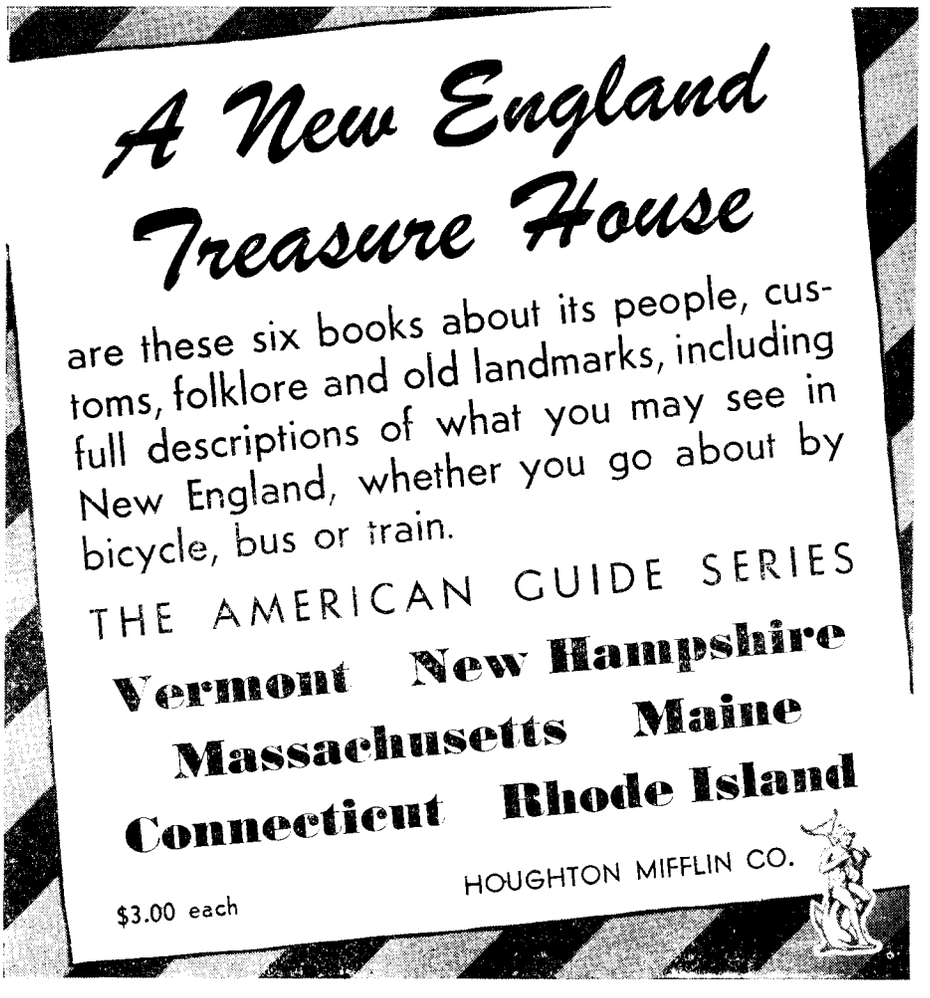
SPRING BOOKS

Houghton Mifflin Co.

ALLEN, Gertrude E., "Everyday Birds." (Nursery Book). Juv.
AYLING, Keith, "Semper Fidelis: The U. S. Marines in Action." Juv.
BAKER, Dorothy, "Trio."
BEALS, Carleton, "Rio Grande to Cape Horn."
BRITTON, Katharine, "What Makes It Tick?" Juv.
BURRAGE, Albert C., "The Twenty-Minute-a-Day Garden."
CANBY, Henry S., "Thoreau"; new ed.
CASPARY, Vera, "Laura."
CASSIDY, Henry C., "Moscow Dateline, 1941-1943."
CHASE, Richard, "Jack Tales." Juv.
CLARK, John A., and others, "Fundamentals of Machines."
CLARKE, George H., ed. "The New Treasury of War Poetry, 1939-1943."
CLOETE, Stuart, "Congo Song."
DEMPSEY, Paul W., "Grow Your Own Vegetables"; new ed.
DOS PASSOS, John, "Manhattan Transfer."
DOS PASSOS, John, "Number One."
DU BOIS, Theodora, "Banjo the Crow." Juv.
FOLEY, Martha, ed., "Best American Short Stories, 1943."
FORBES, Esther, "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In."
GARBUTT, Katharine K., "Michael the Colt." Juv.
GIBBS, Archie, "U-Boat Prisoner."
GOODEN, Arthur H., "Guns on the High Mesa."
HARRIS, Leonore, "Big Lonely Dog." (Nursery Books). Juv.
HITLER, Adolf (trans. by Ralph Manheim), "Mein Kampf."
JUDSON, Clara Ingram, "They Came from France." Juv.
LASSWELL, Mary, "Suds in Your Eye."
LINDSLEY, Lorna, "War Is People."
MACLEISH, Archibald, "A Time to Act; Selected Addresses."
MANGIONE, Jerre, "Mount Allegro."
MARKHAM, Beryl, "West with the Night."
MARTIN, Curtis, "The Hills of Home."
MILLS, Marjorie, "Cooking on a Ration: Food is still Fun."
MORRIS, Frank D., "Pick Out the Biggest: Mike Moran and the Men of the Boise."
NICHOLS, Edward J., "Danger! Keep Out."
OAKES, Vanya, "White Man's Folly."
OTTLEY, Roi, "Inside Black America."
PEATTIE, Donald Culross, "Journey Into America."
RAINE, William MacLeod, "Hell and High Water."
REEVES, Robert, "Cellini Smith, Detective."
REY, H. A., "Tommy Helps, Too." Juv.
REY, H. A., "Where's My Baby?" Juv.
SEIDLIN, Oskar and RYPINS, Senta, "Green Wagons." Juv.
SPALDING, Charles and CARNEY, Otis, "Love at First Flight."
STANDEN, Anthony, "Insect Invaders."
STEWART, Kenneth, "That's News: A Running Story of the Working Press."
SWISHER, Carl B., "American Constitutional Development."
TAYLOR, Malcolm, "Px." Juv.
TOUSEY, Sandord, "Lumberjack Bill." Juv.
TUTTLE, Wilbur C., "Hidden Blood."
WHITEHEAD, Robert, "Five and Ten." (Nursery Books). Juv.
WILLIAMS, Ben Ames, "Amateurs at War."
WINTRINGHAM, Thomas H., "The Story of Weapons and Tactics, from Troy to Stalingrad."
WOLFERT, Ira, "Battle for the Solomons."
WOLFERT, Ira, "Torpedo 8."

Little, Brown & Co.

BELL, Vereen, "Two of a Kind."
BRIDGE, Ann, "Peking Picnic." (reissue) An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.
CARPENTER, Margaret, "Experiment Perilous."
DE VOTO, Bernard A., "The Year of Decision, 1846."
DOBIE, Frank, "A Vaquero of the Brush Country," new ed.
FELD, Rose C., "Sophie Halenczik, American."
FORESTER, C. S., "The Ship."
FULLER, Timothy, "This Is Murder, Mr. Jones." (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book).
HAMILTON, Alice, M. D., "Exploring the Dangerous Trade." (Atlantic Monthly Press Book).
HAYCOX, Ernest, "Action by Night."
HAYS, H. R., "Stranger on the Highway."
HILL, Janet M., "Canning, Preserving and Jelly Making"; rev. ed.
HILTON, James, "The Story of Dr. Wassell." (Atlantic Monthly Press Book).
LERNER, Max, "The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes; His Speeches, Essays, Letters and Judicial Opinions."
IVES, Mabel L., "He Conquered the Andes; The Story of San Martin the Liberator." Juv.
KENDRICK, Baynard H., "Blind Man's Bluff."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U. S. History FOR U. S. Citizens

A List Prepared By The Library Committee of the Council on Books in Wartime

America, the Story of a Free People, by Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager. *Little, Brown,* 1942. $3. *Pocket Book* edition, entitled "Pocket History of the U. S." 25c.

Rise of American Civilization, by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. *Macmillan,* 1939. $3.75

Growth of the American Republic, by Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager. *Oxford,* 1942. 2 vols. $10.

Epic of America,* by James Truslow Adams. *Little, Brown,* 1933. $3. *Blue Ribbon* edition. $1.

America in World Affairs, by Allan Nevins. *Oxford,* 1942. $1.

The Heritage of America, by Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins. *Little, Brown,* 1939. $4.

The Federalist; a commentary on the Constitution of the United States, a collection of essays reprinted from the original text of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay and James Madison. *Modern Library,* 95 cents. *Everyman's Library.* 95c.

Storm Over the Land: A Profile of the Civil War, by Carl Sandburg. *Harcourt, Brace,* 1942. $3.50.

The Declaration of Independence: A Study in the History of Political Ideas, by Carl Becker. *Knopf,* 1942. $3.

Bulwark of the Republic:* A History of the Constitution, by Burton Hendrick. *Little, Brown,* rev. ed., 1938. $3.75.

The Frontier in American History, by Frederick Jackson Turner. *Holt,* 1921. $3.25.

TO THE READER:

While four of these titles are published by Little, Brown & Company (*two of them under the colophon of the Atlantic Monthly Press), we urge you to examine all of these books at your bookstore and form a basic collection on American history from this carefully selected list.

Many men in the armed forces would also appreciate these books.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

KENYON, Josephine H., M.D., "Healthy Babies Are Happy Babies"; rev. ed. (Atlantic Monthly Press Book).

KERNAN, Col. William F., "We Can Win This War."

LEIGHTON, Ann. "While We Are Absent." (Atlantic Monthly Press Book).

LOWE, Pardee, "Father and Glorious Descendant."

MCWILLIAMS, Carey, "Brothers Under the Skin."

MAHAN, Alfred T., "The Life of Nelson"; new ed.

MARCH, William, "The Looking-Glass."

MATTHEWS, William and WECTER, Dixon. etc. "Our Soldiers Speak, 1775-1918."

QUEEN, Ellery, "There Was an Old Woman."

MORRIS, Edita, "My Darling from the Lions." (Atlantic Monthly Press Book). May 25.

WORDELL, Lt. M. T. and SEILER, Lt. E. N. "Wildcats Over Casablanca as told to Keith Ayling." $2.50. June 11.

POLONSKY, Abraham, "The Enemy Sea." May 26.

WAUGH, Evelyn, "Decline and Fall," new ed. May 26.

WERNER, Max, "Attack Can Win in '43." June 14.

LIPPMANN, Walter, "U. S. Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic." June 10. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book).

GELDERT, Mrs. Louis Napoleon, "Thy Son Liveth." Reissue. June 11.

BELL, Thomas, "Till I Come Back to You."—June 11.

HILTON, James, "Random Harvest." new ed. (Atlantic Monthly Press). June 11.

Yale University Press

ALEXANDER, Donald Crichton, "The Arkansas Plantation, 1920-1942." $1.00

JOHNSON, Cecil, "British West Florida. 1763-1738." $3.00.

LINDSAY, Alexander Dunlop, "Religion, Science, and Society in the Modern World." $1.50.

Vineyard Haven Silhouettes

MULLER, Herbert Joseph, "Science and Criticism." $3.75.

RECORD, Samuel J. and HESS, Robert W., "Timbers of the New World." $10.00.

SINGTON, Derrick and WEIDENFELD, Arthur, "The Goebbels Experiment." $3.00.

TOLL, Nicholas, "The Green Glazed Pottery." (Excavations at Dura-Europos, final report 4, pt. 1, fascicle 1) $2.00.

TRUESDELL, Leon E., "The Canadian Born in the United States." (Relations of Canada and the United States) $3.00.

Y'RKES, Robert M. "Chimpanzees, A Laboratory Colony." $5.00.

HAYS, H. R., "Twelve Spanish American Poets." $3.00 mid-June.

Harvard University Press

ANDERSON, Wilmer C. and others, "Contributions from the Physical Laboratories of Harvard University for the Years 1940-1941." $4.00.

BERRY, Thomas Senior, "Western Prices before 1861; A. Study of the Cincinnati Market." (Harvard Economic Studies) $5.00.

BOYD, Catherine E., "A Cistercian Nunnery in Mediaeval Italy; The Story of Rifreddo in Saluzzo, 1220-1300." (Harvard Historical Monographs) $2.00.

BROWN, Arthur C. L., "The Origin of the Grail Legend." $5.00.

CARNAP, Rudolf, "Formalization of Logic." (Studies in Semantics) $3.00.

GERR, Stanley, "A Gazetteer of Japanese Place Names." $4.50.

HATFIELD, Henry R., "Surplus and Dividends." (Dickinson Lectures in Accounting) $1.00.

HIPKISS, Edwin James, "The Philip Leffingwell Spalding Collection of Early American Silver." $5.00.

MORGAN, Charles Hill II., "Corinth; v. 11, The Byzantine Pottery." $15.00.

MORT, Paul R., "Secondary Education as Public Policy." $1.00.

RAND, Edward Kennard, "The Building of Eternal Rome." $3.50.

SCHWARZ, Henry Frederick, "The Imperial Privy Council in the Seventeenth Century." (Harvard Historical Studies) $4.50.

SHERRILL, Henry K., "William Lawrence; Later Years of a Happy Life." $2.00.

SIRICH, John B., "The Revolutionary Committees in the Department of France, 1793-1794." (Harvard Historical Studies) $2.50.

GUERARD, Albert, "Napoleon III, An Interpretation." $3.50. May 17.

KNICKERBOCKER, Frances W., "Free Minds: John Morley and His Friends." $3.75. May 10.

HOWER, Ralph Merle, "History of Macy's of New York, 1858-1919." $3.75. May 3.

ABELL, Aaron I., "Urban Impact on American Protestantism."—June 15.

ELWELL, Clarence E., "The Influence of the Enlightenment on the Catholic Theory of Religious Education in France."—June 15.

THORNDIKE, Edward L., "Man and His Works."—June 20.

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Books on or About New England

Travel and Description

JENNISON, Keith W., ed., "Vermont Is Where You Find It." 1941. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

VERMONT: "A Profile of the Green Mountain State." (American Pictorial Guide Series) Fleming Publishing Co. 1941. $1.00.

ROSE, Jack Manley and Grace N., "Northeast from Boston." 1941. Putnam. $3.00.

CHAMBERLAIN, Samuel, "The Coast of Maine: a Photographic Panorama." 1941. Hastings House. $2.00.

"Footpath in the Wilderness: The Long Trail in the Green Mountains of Vermont." Middlebury College Press. 1941. $2.50.

CRANE, Charles E., "Winter in Vermont." 1941. Knopf. $3.50.

SHELTON, Alfred C., "Down to the Sea in Maine." 1942. Dutton. $3.50.

VORSE, Mary Heaton, "Time and the Town: a Provincetown Chronicle." 1942. Dial Press. $3.50.

"Guide to the Appalachian Trail in Maine." 4th ed. Appalachian Trail Conference, 808 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. 1942. $2.50.

ROOSEVELT, Mrs. Franklin D. and MACGREGOR, Mrs. F. M. C., "This Is America." 1942. Putnam. $3.00.

CHAMBERLAIN, Samuel, "Historic Cambridge in Four Seasons; a Camera Impression." (American Landmarks) 1942. Hastings House. $1.25.

Poetry

HARD, Walter B., "Vermont." 1941. Stephen Daye Press. $2.00.

VERMONT CHAP BOOK: "Being a Garland of Ten Folk Ballads." 1941. Middlebury College Press. 1941. $1.50.

MOODY, Lewis N., "Sugar Making in Vermont, and Other Rhymed Reminiscences." 1941. Driftwind Press, N. Montpelier, Vt. 1941. $1.50.

History

THOMPSON, Charles M., "Independent Vermont." 1942. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

RAWSON, Marion Nicholl, "New Hampshire Borns a Town." 1942. Dutton. $3.50.

COBURN, Louise H. and other, "Skowhegan on the Kennebec." 2v. Independent-Reporter Co., Skowhegan, Me. 1941. $5.00.

THOMPSON, Edmund B., "Maps of Connecticut, for the Years of Industrial Revolution, 1801-1860"; a Descriptive List. Lim. ed. 1942. Hawthorne House. $8.50.

MEANS, Philip Ainsworth, "Newport Tower." 1942. Holt. $5.00.

COOLIDGE, John, "Mill and Mansion: a Study of Architecture and Society in Lowell, Massachusetts, 1820-1865." (Columbia Studies in American Culture) Columbia University Press. 1942. $3.75.

SALTONSTALL, William G., "Ports of Piscataqua." 1941. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

TOURTELLOT, Arthur Bernon, "The Charles." (Rivers of America) 1941. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

BARRETT, Richmond B., "Good Old Summer Days: Newport, Narragansett Pier, Saratoga, Long Branch, Bar Harbor." 1941. Appleton-Century. $3.50.

HANDLIN, Oscar, "Boston's Immigrants, 1790-1865: A Study in Acculturation." (Harvard Historical Studies) 1941. Harvard University Press. $3.25.

"Boston Looks Seaward: the Story of the Port, 1630-1940." (American Guide Series) Bruce Humphries. 1941. $2.75.

MORISON, Samuel Eliot, "The Maritime History of Massachusetts, 1783-1860." New Ed. 1941. Houghton Mifflin. $4.00.

"History of the University of New Hampshire, 1866-1941." 1941. University of New Hampshire. $2.00.

MARLOWE, George F., "The Old Bay Paths: Their Villages and Byways and Their Stories." 1942. Hastings House. $2.00.

Fiction

CANNON, Le Grand, Jr., "Look to the Mountain." 1942. Holt. $2.75.

DE JONG, Cornel, "Benefit Street." 1942. Harper. $2.50.

FLINT, Margaret, "Enduring Riches." 1942. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

FROST, Elizabeth Hollister, "This Side of Land, an Island Epic." 1942. Coward-McCann. $2.75.

HALE, Nancy, "The Prodigal Women." 1942. Scribner. $3.00.

BROWN, Slater, "The Burning Wheel." 1942. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

SCHOFIELD, William G., "Ashes in the Wilderness." 1942. Macrae-Smith. $2.50.

BENÈT, Laura, "Come Slowly, Eden: a Novel about Emily Dickinson." 1942. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

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KENT, Louise Andrews, "Mrs. Appleyard's Year." 1941. Houghton Mifflin. $2.00.
DE MEYER, John, "A Sentimental Yankee." Random House. 1941. $2.50.
DUFFUS, R. L., "That Was Alderbury." 1941. Macmillan. $2.50.
WILLIAMS, Ben Ames, "The Strange Woman." 1941. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75.
LINCOLN, Joseph C. and FREEMAN. "The New Hope." 1941. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
CRAMER, Maurice B., "Phoenix at East Hadley." 1941. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
GROSECLOSE, Elgin E., "The Firedrake." 1942. Lippincott. $2.50.
CARROLL, Gladys Hasty, "Head of the Line." 1942. Macmillan. $2.50.
HICKS, Granville, "Only One Storm." 1942. Macmillan. $2.75.
BASSETT, Sara Ware, "Sea Magic." Doubleday, Doran. 1942. $2.00.
NATHAN, Robert, "The Sea-Gull Cry." 1942. Knopf. $2.00.
DUFFUS, R. L., "Victory on West Hill." 1942. Macmillan. $2.50.
COZZENS, James Gould, "The Just and the Unjust." 1942. Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.
WILGUS, Asa, "Tad Potter." 1942. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50.
RIBBOTT, F. M., "Simon Hastings: a Novel of Maine's North Country." 1942. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.
WARNER, Frances Lester, "Inner Springs." 1942. Houghton Mifflin. $2.00.
BABSON, Naomi Lane, "Look Down from Heaven." Reynal & Hitchcock. 1942. $2.50.
ALLIS, Marguerite, "The Splendor Stays." 1942. Putnam. $2.75.
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Biography

STERN, Madeleine B., "The Life of Margaret Fuller." 1942. Dutton. $3.75.
CUNNINGHAM, Charles E., "Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817." 1942. Macmillan. $3.75.
ROTHERY, Agnes E., "Family Album." 1942. Dodd, Mead. $3.00.
FRENCH, Herbert E., "My Yankee Mother." 1942. Vanguard. $2.50.
FORBES, Esther, "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In." 1942. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.
WHALON, Mark, "Rural Free Delivery: Recollections of a Rural Mailman." 1942. Stephen Daye Press. $1.75.
BEATTY, Richmond C., "James Russell Lowell: A Biography." 1942. Vanderbilt University Press. $3.00.
BENNETT, Whitman, "Whittier, Bard of Freedom." 1941. University of North Carolina Press." $3.50.
BERRY, Robert E., "Yankee Stargazer: the Life of Nathaniel Bowditch." 1941. Whittlesey House. $2.50.
DOWNS, Winfield S., "comp. Men of New England." 1941. American Historical Co. $35.00.
SPERRY, Willard L., "Summer Yesterdays in Maine: Memories of Boyhood Vacation Days." 1941. Harper. $2.50.
MORSE, William G., "Pardon My Harvard Accent." 1941. Farrar & Rinehart. $3.00.
WAYMAN, Dorothy G., "Edward Sylvester Morse: a Biography. 1942. Harvard University Press. $4.50.
RICH, Louise Dickinson, "We Took to the Woods." 1942. Lippincott. $2.75.
MEAD, Sidney E., "Nathaniel William Taylor, 1786-1858, a Connecticut Liberal." 1942. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

Miscellaneous

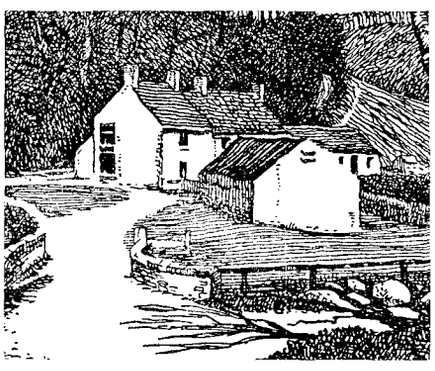
DEMPEWOLFF, Richard, "Famous Old New England Murders, and Some That Are Infamous." 1942. Stephen Daye Press. $2.50.
ACKERMAN, Edward A., "New England's Fishing Industry." 1941. University of Chicago Press. 1942.
DOUGLASS, Paul F. and ABBOTT, Jacob B., "The Yankee Tradition." 1941. Free Press Printing Co., 187 College St., Burlington, Vt. $1.00.
FLINT, Winston A., "The Progressive Movement in Vermont." 1941. American Council on Public Affairs. $2.00.
CONGDON, Herbert W., "The Covered Bridge." 1941. Stephen Daye Press. $3.50.
COFFIN, Robert P. Tristram, "Christmas in Maine." 1941. Doubleday, Doran. $.50.
SHERMAN, Frederic F., "Richard Jennys, New England Portrait Painter." 1941. Pond-Ekborg Co. $10.00.
RICHARDSON, John M., "Steamboat Lore of the Penobscot." 1941. Kennebec Journal Print Shop, Augusta, Me. $3.50.
KELLER, Charles R., "The Second Great Awakening in Connecticut." (Yale Historical Publications) 1942. Yale University Press $3.00.
SHURCLIFF, Arthur A., "Second New England Journal." 1942. Old Corner Book Store. $2.50.
BAIN, George W. and MEYERHOFF, Howard A., "The Flow of Time in the Connecticut Valley: Geological Imprints." Lim ed. 1942. Hampshire Bookshop. $2.00.
GILMORE, Barbara, "A Puritan Town and Its Imprints: Northampton 1786-1845." Lim. ed. Hampshire Bookshop. 1942. $4.00.
FOSTER, William H., "New England Grouse Shooting," 1942. Scribner. $8.50.
GRAS, Norman S. B., "Harvard Cooperative Society, Past and Present, 1882-1942." 1942. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

OLD SALT AND OLD OAK

(*Continued from page* 9)

for whom life is spoiled by too much talk, and too much thought about money-values, as definitely as coffee is spoiled by too much sugar or an egg by too much salt. It is agreeable in the extreme to live in a background where people do not think it unfriendly of you to stay at home a good deal, nor penurious of you to go on wearing hats, costumes, and shoes if they are still whole, neat, and shapely, even though they were not bought last week on Fifth Avenue.

Historians are always talking about the melancholy sadness of the New England countryside, from which so many sons and daughters have gone out to the Far and Middle West. Those whose families have remained here have not protested against this view of the matter because they thought it would not be mannerly if they said too much about it. But as a matter of fact, what has happened is that there is much more elbow-room left here, much less stepping on easy-going toes by hurrying and alert feet intent on going places, a more harmonious composition of the human landscape. Not that everybody is of exactly the same kind. That would be deadly monotony. Painters when they keep a composition in harmonious tone, do not mean that everything is of the same color. Breughel who so loves greens and blues always puts in touches of that "Breughel red." But there is no danger of ever having all the human beings in one place of the same kind, our biologic inheritance being so complex. But it is a splendid thing that on the whole those not born to enjoy New Englandism which, I hope we have now seen, isn't geographic but temperamental, have been free to leave it for Fresno, or Chicago. We wave them goodbye with infinite friendliness and enjoy their visits back and their descriptions of their new homes, "as good as going to a play" we say of their talk. Those who do like it, have come, we rejoice to see, in from the outside, of their own free will, choosing to live here because they feel at home in the moral atmosphere of rural New England. We give them



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a heartfelt—if rather silent—welcome.

So much human misery is caused by impeding the natural flow of individual lives in and out of the background they were born to—out of the class to which their parents belong, if they don't like its moral atmosphere, out of the religion—(I know two upper-Hudson Valley people from an old York State family, born Presbyterians, who are now happy and devout Buddhists) above all, out of the profession or trade to which by rigid old-time standards they are limited. It can't but be a good thing to perceive that New Englandism is not geographical or racial, but is simply an arrangement of life in accordance with the tastes of one of the natural groups of human personality. Tacitus, let us say, making a grand gesture from the lowly valley-fields towards the heights, as compared to Cicero or Virgil, Bach compared to Wagner, El Greco compared to Titian. There's no shame in preferring Titian to El Greco, except the shame artificially induced by shifting fashion.

To perceive this one fact is to catch a glimpse by that analogy which, vague and inexact, is yet so much more vivid a way of perceiving truth than literal statements, of the rich diversity of the human landscape. And to have even an idea that such diversity exists, not only in literature, art, and music but in attitudes towards daily life, frees the spirit from the embittering and sterile waste of hating of things which are hateful only because those to whom they are not suitable do not realize that there is nothing to prevent them from putting on their hats and going away from there.

The vascular system of our society is far too much considered as having only one-way valves, as if our blood had only veins and no arteries, in which to circulate. Everything is arranged to leave a free and approved passage, for instance, from manual activities to intellectual or commercial ones. But not for passage in the other direction. This admirably suits those who have commercial or intellectual gifts. But it causes great and perfectly unnecessary suffering to those born in a commercial or intellectual background who have natural manual or artistic gifts. People born to New Englandism who find it dry, arid, drab, and on the whole hateful, should, with cries of joy, leap out from it into a more exuberant and emotional background. Those outside it who find it salty, pungent, classically shapely and reassuring to their self-respect, be they born in Alabama or Nevada, should take it as an inheritance to which they, being human, have as much right as anybody.

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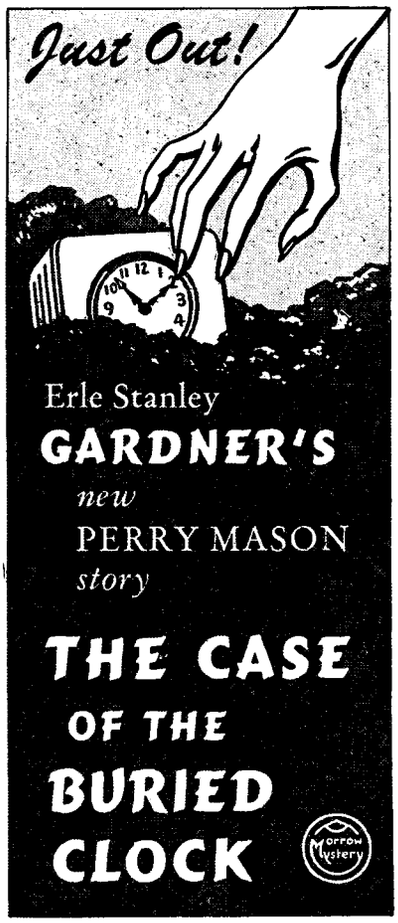

The Shay's Rebellion

THE REGULATORS. By William Degenhard. New York: The Dial Press. 1943. 598 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

IN a world of revolutionary struggle we are being urged by a growing body of writers, such as Carl Van Doren and Howard Fast, to look backward toward our American Revolution for precept and courage both. To these William Degenhard adds his voice, with a stirring novel of the Shay's Rebellion. This was in the time directly after the Revolution, when thirteen colonies strained uncomfortably in unaccustomed and imperfect union. Financial manipulations were ruining the small farmers; the money they held was no good and they were being forced into debtors' prisons, their farms foreclosed. There was no central agency with the power to control this situation, although even then the Constitutional Convention was meeting in Philadelphia. With the pattern of revolt forged only ten years earlier, what happened was foreordained: revolt, and again in Massachusetts, swirling about the figure of Captain Dan Shays.

Mr. Degenhard's study of the situation is at once vital and documented with detail, good enough to make us wish it were just a little more ambitious. What we miss is a close flesh-and-blood knowledge of Shays himself, and his lieutenants. Warren Hascott, who relates this history for us, is live enough, and it was perhaps in deference to the needs of a readable novel that Mr. Degenhard devoted so much attention to Hascott's own exploits and to his amorous affairs with two very fascinating women. Yet he might have risked adding to an already lengthy novel some further study of Shays, who remains a shadowy figure, and of those men who helped him fire the Regulators to three months of revolt. To compensate, we do have the farmers and townsmen at close quarters, and see again how people who have fought for freedom and equality will never let them go. This is what Mr. Degenhard is saying, through the living voices of American history.

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The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
UP JUMPED THE DEVIL *Cleve F. Adams* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	Insurance detective McBride finds corpse in his San Francisco room and is charged with murder. He slugs, and sleuths, his way out.	Tough but likeable operative at his best in grim case involving missing diamonds and group of highly colored characters.	Good hard-boiled stuff
PAINTED FOR THE KILL *Lucy Cores* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Killings in luxurious Manhattan beauty salon solved by police capt., publicity gal, and ad man working together.	Well-informed background stuff on beauty-temples, glamorous characters, sprightly dialogue, and baffling plot.	Good
GHOST WANTED *Finlay McDermid* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Hollywood producer-agent skewered with Argentine dagger. Others die—and nearly so. Lieut. Bernal handles case.	Good characters, detecting of the highest grade—both pro. and amateur—exceptionally good atmosphere and crackerjack finish.	Ace-high
DEATH OF A BUSYBODY *George Bellairs* (Macmillan: $2.)	Nosey English spinster found dead in vicar's cesspool. Local constable and Scotland Yard men solve it.	Crisply written and soundly constructed English countryside affair. Good detecting is brightened up by yokel humor and pungent village gossip.	Entertaining

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The Phoenix Nest

A NEW literary game has suggested itself to me. Reading Rex Stout's "Double for Death" the other day, I noticed that the murdered man, Ridley Thorpe's secretary, was named Vaughn Kester. I am writing this far removed from my own library, but wasn't it Vaughn Kester, of Indiana, who wrote "The Prodigal Judge"? His brother, Paul Kester, who died young, wrote of gypsies. I have a book of his on gypsies. At any rate, my game would be to locate as many as possible real names of authors in the cast of characters of other authors' books. Maybe Rex knew there had been a real Vaughn Kester, or maybe the name just stuck in his mind as an oddity. Surely some of my bright readers can remember others. For instance, I should think the name Owen Meredith would be a natural for some novelist to use as the name of one of his or her characters.

One Thing and Another

I am back on Cape Ann now, and "the Spring comes slowly up this way." In Boston we encountered a sailor who bore with him a small ship model, the sails of which were carved of horn. I asked him where he had got it, as he said he hadn't been back in the United States for a year. He replied, "Guantanamo Bay." I seemed to remember an old drawing by Howard Chandler Christy from way back in the Spanish War of '98, entitled "Marines at Guantanamo." That's the eastern tip of Cuba, on the south shore, just below Santiago. More people piled into the same taxi, after the sailor had offered us all a cigarette, so he said no more, except to remark about a sight-seeing bus, "Take one of those and your life's not worth a nickel!" Did he mean that the Jehus drove furiously in Boston? Did he mean it was worse than an action at sea? He was a pleasant and compact sailor, and departed with his ship model into the maw of the North Station. At first I thought those sails might have been carved of carabao horn. But *those* animals are in the Philippines. That, I regret to say, was when I thought, at first, that Guantanamo was in the Philippines! I noticed, by the way, that Eve Curie was bothered, concerning her latest book, in English, lest she had miscalled the water buffalo of India.

It is such a pleasure to chance upon vivid characterization! The latest I have come across is in John T. Whitaker's "We Cannot Escape History." I had read a lot concerning Ernest Bevin, runner-up to Winston over in England. But the man had never been brought so vividly before me as when Whitaker remarked, "A burly man, Bevin has the swart coloring of a gypsy and though he gives the impression of juggernaut strength, he has gypsy nimbleness." Also what Bevin said of the Labor pacifist, George Lansbury, is a lovely thing. It was remarked that he had been too harsh with George, to which he replied: "George has been standing around like a martyr far too long—it was high time someone lit the faggots."

The erstwhile Doughty Duce now finds himself in the most superlative of all jams. And he is not exactly popular on his home grounds. Which reminds me of a story told in Reynold and Eleanor Packard's "Balcony Empire." It went the rounds of the Foreign Press Club about an Italian who, every time he entered the Caffe Aragno in Rome, ordered the waiter to bring him all the newspapers. "He would hurriedly glance through the front page and then put the paper aside. Finally one of the habitués of the café came over and asked:

> 'Excuse me but what have you been looking for all these weeks?'
> 'A death notice.'
> 'But death notices are always on the inside pages.'
> 'Not the one I'm looking for. It would be on the front page, all right.'

The self-righteousness of capital toward the recent high-handed conduct of John L. Lewis (and of most of the press, which can always be counted upon to side with the big money) brings to mind the fact that, as Carl Dreher says in "The Coming Showdown," there was also "a sit-down strike of capital in the face of a national crisis." But that was some time back, of course, and events move fast, and people forget. Yet also "the people do get the general drift of events. . . . They know that the profits of big business have gone up. They know that the yield of the excess-profits tax for the first year of rearmament was no more than a drop in the bucket of military expenditures, and that Congress is still squeamish about dipping deep into war profits." They have a strong suspicion that capital is cashing in on the war. So "beneath the appearance there will be that 'class suspicion and hatred' which the big boys are always muttering about when they are not too busy promoting it with all the means at their command." Sometimes when I think over where I stand myself, as a patriot, I guess it is against having the country run for those Big Boys, and in favor of having it run for Mr. Wallace's Common Man. One thing we have created in this country which I haven't found elsewhere, and which I think is a great characteristic of ours, is the independence of Americans. But "independent as a hog on ice," is also a perfect description of it. A hog on ice is great on independence, but not so sound on the principle of control. So, when tears spring to the eyes of the business man at the mention of Initiative and Free Enterprise, holiest to him of all things under the sun, is he not apt to forget, as he bows his head and sinks to his knees, the unbelievable social stupidities, to say nothing of economic crimes, that have been committed in their name? I don't think we so much admire the fellow that "gets away with it" as we used. We have seen unfettered initiative and free enterprise run a country right into the hole. Today what we want is a *balance* of free enterprise and control by the government. The upholders of the *status quo* have always reiterated to us that "you can't change human nature." No, say I to them, you can't, it seems, change the human nature of you fellows; so to protect yourselves from yourselves and the public from you, it is necessary for the government to exercise certain controls. Or who do you think you are?

With which moral—if it be a moral—I drop my theorbo, as Browning said.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Where have you been?
2. Have you any wool?
3. Where are you going?
4. Are there any more at home like you?
5. What writest thou?
6. Will you walk into my parlour?
7. What immortal hand or eye could frame thy fearful symmetry?
8. What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say, when we sight naught but seas at dawn?
9. Why so pale and wan?
10. O what can ail thee?
11. If I can rid your town of rats, will you give me a thousand guilders?
12. Whither, midst falling dew . . . dost thou pursue thy solitary way?
13. If Winter comes can Spring be far behind?
14. Why do you sit singing, "Willow, titwillow, titwillow"?
15. Pray, which leg comes after which?
16. Will you walk a little faster?
17. By thy long gray beard and glittering eye, now wherefore stopp'st thou me?
18. Shall I call thee bird or but a wandering voice?
19. Are we not God's children both?
20. Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling your ring?

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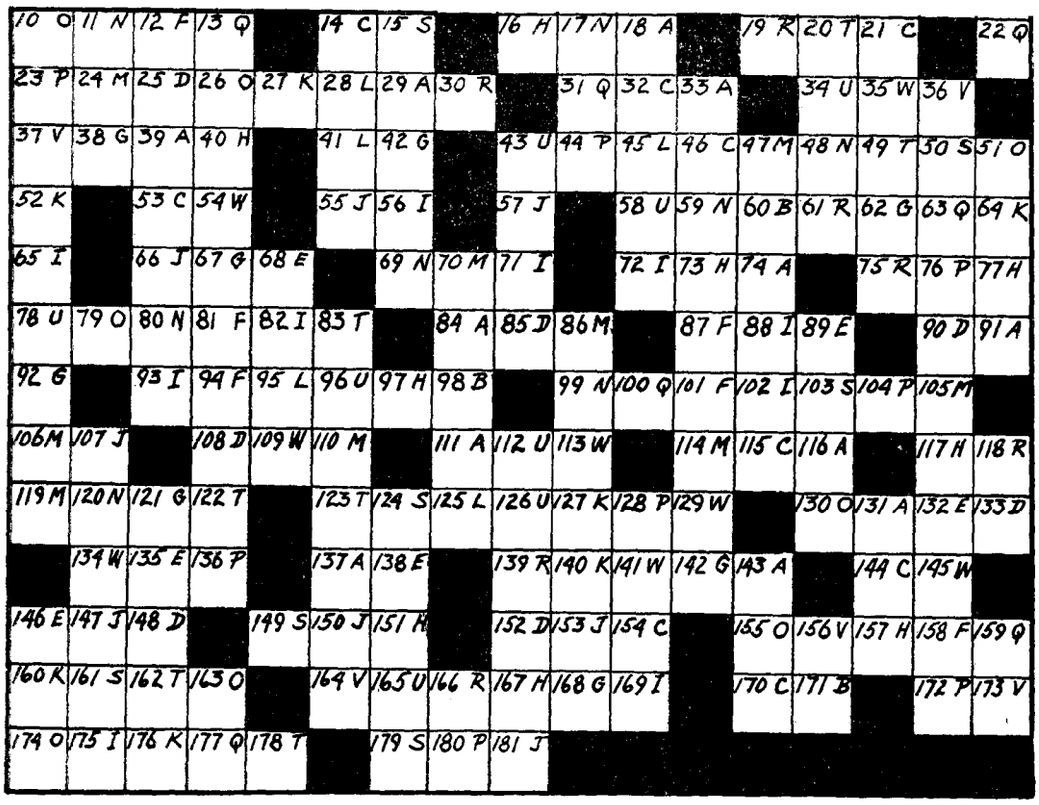

Double-Crostics: No. 478

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words, therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 38 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The battle in which Roland fell (778).

B. Substitute for butter (short form).

C. English poet (1588-1673).

D. Birthplace of John Wesley (England).

E. The color of the mignonette flower.

F. Pertaining to the Capital of ancient Egypt in its Empire days.

G. To have a sense of humiliation (2 wds.)

H. Fresh from the commission of crime (comp.)

I. Scraps; remnants (3 wds.)

J. A Prophet in the reign of Jeroboam (Bib.)

K. Somewhat capable of enduring great strain.

L. Greek mother turned into stone by Zeus.

M. The Mt. haunted by the boar of Hercules's third labor.

N. Kept back; refrained from granting.

O. A doctrine advocated by the Epicureans.

P. Defamatory.

Q. One of Daniel's companions (Bib.)

R. Indian citizens of Oklahoma—formerly bison-hunting Plains tribes.

S. The appellation of Bildad (Bk. of Job).

T. English novelist (1861-1923).

U. A kind of triangle.

V. Stage name of a famous French actress (1857-1920).

W. Mt. of the southern Alps (9,000 ft. high).

WORDS

29 137 91 39 74 84 131 111 143 18 116 33

60 98 7 171

144 46 53 170 115 21 32 14 4 154

148 25 108 90 133 152 85

138 132 146 68 89 135

158 87 81 101 94 12

42 92 168 142 62 67 121 38 6

157 77 167 40 16 73 117 97 151

72 175 93 3 88 56 169 65 82 71 102

66 153 107 181 57 55 150 147

127 160 176 52 140 9 64 27

95 28 41 125 45

86 105 47 24 70 119 114 106 2 110

99 120 48 69 59 11 17 80

163 130 155 174 51 79 26 10

23 5 172 104 76 136 180 44 128

159 100 13 22 63 177 31

75 118 61 19 166 30 139

15 179 161 149 50 103 124

49 20 123 122 178 162 83

96 58 34 78 8 43 112 165 126

173 36 1 156 164 37

145 141 129 35 54 113 109 134

The Crostics Club

W. H. MANN, Lakewood, Ohio, veteran DCer, is the latest contributor to our growing DC anthology. EPHIALTES No. 468:

O Ephialtes, labile and unblest,
Crank pinhead! You impawn my
Dutch-wife's rest.
While on the fly I coin a natty slogan,
The Essenes fish for tarpon in a rogan.
Now for a dog's age London misses
Aiken;
The Congo by the Ethiop forsaken
Calls on Annona that she may replevin
My soul from DC high-jinks back to
heaven.
If you are hep at all to this enjamb—
Ment you are wiser than I am.

I promise that I'll not give this back to you as a puzzle!

A pleasant aspect of this column to me lies in the associations it evokes. Raymond S. Willis, Evanston, Ill., excusing with no valid reason his timidity in joining our throng, after claiming special devotion through our Wellesley connections, his wife, sister, daughter, niece, and Luna Converse, mentioned recently, recalls the brashness of a callow poet who some fifty years ago after a visit to the College dared to publish this gem in the journal of a near-by institution:

The Wellesley girls say,
When at Chapel they pray,
"Help us good maidens to be!
"Give us patience to wait
"Till some subsequent date!
"World without men, Ah, me!"

Florence Hitchcock, Philadelphia, who tries to guess the acrostics as related to the content of the *SRL* special issues, concludes her eagerness for the arrival of the weekly *SRL* thus:

"I believe there was a paper called *The Saturday Review* in London, perhaps in Ben Jonson's time, and one of its devotees, very ill, when told by his doctor that he could not live the week out, eyes filling with tears, said, 'And *The Saturday Review* does not come until the end of the week!'"

Elizabeth Underhill, Ossining, N. Y., thought the Bolivar DC just hard enough for NRB* fans like herself. One night several years ago, Elizabeth and I, total strangers, found ourselves in step walking from a meeting toward the same goal. When I commented on her traveling so far at that hour, she replied, "Time flies when you have something absorbing to fill it. Do you chance to know the *SRL?*" Since then at our meetings we have regularly exchanged DC problem gossip.

Thishow was used by Browning and is a good word!

If I give you "An Arctic cetacean of the genus *Monodon*" don't rebel. Just look in your WNI under *Monodon*. It's as easy as that.

E. S. K.

*No-Reference-Books.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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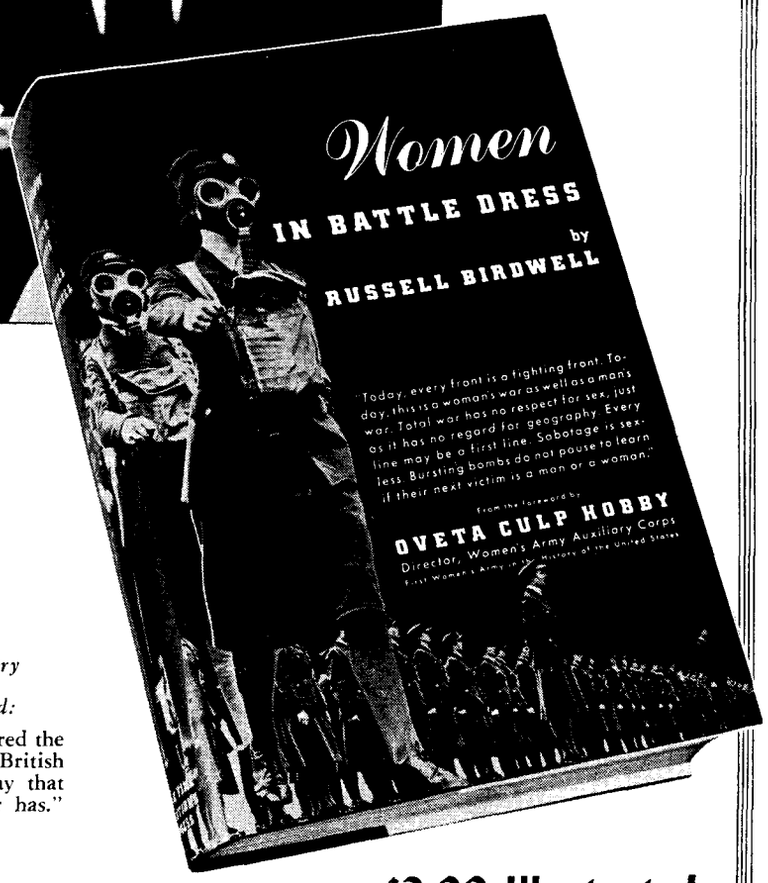
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